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A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain — By William Allen White

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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A Lodge in the Wilderness—By Arthur E. McFarlane

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A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

AN IDYL OF INVOLUNTARY ROMANCE, TEACHING THAT WHAT IS GOOD SAUCE FOR THE TABLE IS POOR FOOD FOR THE AFFECTIONS

THE opinion has been not infrequently expressed that if, before two charming young people finally commit themselves for the rest of their natural lives, they could only be given a decorously chaperoned house experience of each other—with a few sufficiently exasperating kitchen and furnace complications by way of touchstones—there would be more "people about to marry" who would end by taking Mr. Punch's masterful but discouraging advice upon the subject. And as a corollary to this proposition it has also been submitted that feelings the most ecstatic that ever throbbed tremulous from the heart, may, with most startling suddenness, be seared and blighted by certain other feelings no less poignant, if considerably less ecstatic, which spring from the immediate neighborhood of the heart. But these are the assertions of cynical and pessimistic minds, and it is in no manner my business to discuss them. Rather let me tell with what brevity I may the romantic story of Mr. George Hastings, of "The Steel City Fishing Club," and his launch, the Electra; of Miss Ethel Sparling, his beloved, and Mrs. Plimpton, her Aunt Maria—and of their two days in the wilderness.

It was then just between summer and fall, and the big club up in the 'Lunge River "Reserve" had known George's two sisters only some eight days. But they had known *it* long enough to realize that it was the place of places which, from the beginning, their souls had been hungering for. Therefore they fell into a dead silence when, one afternoon, George announced to them that he thought it would be nice to ask their friend Miss Sparling and her aunt up for a week or so. They were then in Montreal, and from there to the "Reserve" it was only another ten hours' run. This meant that he had already suggested the visit to them, and their acceptance depended only upon the coming of a feminine invitation; otherwise he would have said nothing about it. But the Misses Hastings were properly trained sisters, and the invitation was immediately promised. Then George further announced that they would probably be able to come on Friday, or, if not, on the Monday following; and he would run down the sixty-five miles to Two Rivers and meet them with the Electra. "If they did *not* arrive Friday, he would tie up there over Sunday and wait." The two girls had the fullest understanding of how they regarded "their friend Miss Sparling," but they had been alone for a long time before either of them spoke.

"Well, I suppose this'll settle it," said Miss Linda at last with sombre resignation. "But you know we cannot say anything."

"Oh, of course!" said Vic fiercely. "Heaven preserve us from *saying* anything! We'll just see him tie himself to a selfish, useless, doll-faced little spit-cat—with only brains enough to keep from giving herself away—and then we'll tell him how happy he's made us—and how happy he'll be himself! Women do manage to bring out all the honesty in each other, somehow! But we won't *say* anything!"

In the days which followed, the "club" seemed no longer to have any charm for them.

II

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock the next Friday morning brother George was helping Miss Sparling and Mrs. Plimpton into the saffron-plush bow of the little Electra. And half a minute later "Jimuel" Donnelly, who handled both wheel and "power," was heading her through the Two Rivers lumber rafts for the broad, green river outside. Then she began to make the pace. Firred headlands and cedared islands went by in a revolving procession; and behind, her wake flowed out like a train of emerald and silver.

George had no joy-marring introspections. Even the presence of "Aunt Maria" and the dislike and distrust of the Electra she had plainly expressed from the first were no effectual dampener. With that wonderful sweetness of Miss Ethel's smile upon him he talked big fish, and "hat-wings," and war canoes, and 'Lunge River exploration to her with an eloquence which secretly amazed him. Then she helped him spread luncheon as they neared "Half-way Inlet." And when they had eaten it, the time seemed ripe to him, and he brought out his "surprise." It was a small bass rod of lancewood and green-heart, and with the equipment of silk tackle and automatic reel, which accompanied it, it was to be her own for keeps—if Aunt Maria would permit the gift. It was certainly a little beauty. Even his own showed poorly beside it. And perhaps he was almost more overflowingly happy in the contemplation of it than was the less-understanding Miss Ethel herself. "Let her out, Jimuel; let her out!" he shouted in his exuberation as they turned into "Eight-mile Lake."

"Really, Mr. Hastings, I see no reason for such recklessness," said Mrs. Plimpton.

Donnelly, who had conceived his opinion of that spare and thin-lipped lady when she had expressed *hers* of the Electra, immediately let her out another notch.

"Oh, this old girl's all right," said Hastings. "She's as safe as a liner."

"Yes, that's invariably the case. But they all seem to blow up none the less." (Donnelly let her out another point.)

"Oh, no, now, really, Mrs. Plimpton—not when there's nothing to blow up, you know."

"And even if she *did*," put in Miss Ethel, "I guess, Auntie dear, Mr. Hastings could take care of both of us together."

This was most adorable of Miss Ethel, and the heart of the Electra seemed to leap and throb a-tune with her master's. But all George could say was: "Well, you wait till she does!" Then he blushingly diverted their attention to the long, half-wooded strip of land they were passing. "That's Duck Island. And you see that shack in there among the trees on that first point? Well, that's where a crowd of the 'Steel City' guns will be putting up in another fortnight now—the 'Lodge' they call it. And if——"

At this moment there shrieked up from behind them a sound as of the instantaneous ripping of a thousand yards of silk binding. Mr. Hastings jumped as if he had received that whole aberrating charge of electricity through the small of his back. Donnelly had already dropped the wheel and flung himself at the levers. Then there was a hundredfold blue spurt of fireworks exploding all about them.

When the ladies dared to open their terrified eyes again, the air was smelling much like a shooting affray in a varnish factory, George was at the wheel, and Donnelly was gradually shaking the life and feeling down into his arms again. "*Con-sarn* her!" he said; "who'd 'a' thought she'd go and cut up like that! But she didn't ketch fire, anyways."

"And the headway she's under will take us in all right," added Hastings, still gasping.

And most unspeakably thankful was he when, after another five minutes, the Electra's razor-nose pushed slowly up into the sludgy Duck Island shore.

Then Mrs. Plimpton found words again. . . .

"Oh, now, *Auntie*," Miss Ethel protested at last, "they'll fix it up all right. Won't you, Mr. Hastings?"

George looked helplessly at his navigator.

"She won't be fixed up outside of Montreal," said that base mechanical with brutal truthfulness, and made fast the line to a small swamp oak. "But I'll get help to ye the quickest I can. And I'll try to ketch ye some bass first, in case ye need them *before* help comes. There'd ought to be a spider up in the shack there." He threw his old bamboo into the walnut-shell of a dingey, filled an abandoned pepper

AND, BURSTING INTO A FLOOD OF PASSIONATE TEARS, SHE RUSHED IN TO AUNT MARIA

tin from his inexhaustible worm-bait supply in the earth box under the aft locker, and without more ado pulled out into the lake again.

"Well, we might as well go up and explore the 'Lodge' while we're waiting," suggested Hastings with a feeble attempt at jauntiness.

He slowly detached them from the disgraced Electra, and pushed a way for them through the 'long-shore scrub to the opener high ground of the Point where stood the future abode of duck "guns."

It was not a very picturesque structure, being merely a four-square log shanty. And when he had pushed in the sagging, leather-hinged door, the interior was hardly more inviting. Along three walls was a double-decker row of rough box-bunks. There were some up-ended "shingle-bolts" to serve as chairs, an unplaned table mounted on carpenter's "horses," and a little gray-red box-stove with a rusty elbow of pipe through the wall behind it. A rustier ax, pail and wash-basin stood near it. And on the shelving above the stove were some candles, a saucepan, the "spider" Donnelly had prophesied, and a salt-box almost one-third full.

They were stepping outside again when Mrs. Plimpton, happening to turn suddenly, caught Hastings in a furtive examination of the bunks. Her hands dropped in an unnerved palpitation of alarm. "You—you're not going to tell us we may have to remain here *all night?*"

"Well, you know if it should just happen that Donnelly didn't meet with anybody—but oh, pshaw, he *will*—of course he will! *Please*, now, Mrs. Plimpton, don't go and think ——"

"And I'm *sure*, Auntie," Miss Ethel supported him, "Mr. Hastings never really thought of what he was doing."

To tell the truth, it had not before occurred to Mr. Hastings that he had done anything at all.

Mrs. Plimpton trampled the intercession under foot, and her voice choked with indignation. "And how far is the nearest settlement?"

"Well, of course it would have to be on the river to be of much use to us, you know, and just along here it isn't really what you could call settled at all. But there's sure to be some fishing party or other between here and the 'Reserve,' and Donnelly——"

"Then you must have seen them as you came down."

His gulping silence was answer enough.

Mrs. Plimpton's voice rose another reedy pitch of anger and panic. "And if he should have to go all the way back to Two Rivers or up to your 'Reserve,' how long would it take him?"

"Well"—he blurted it out desperately—"to tell you the plain truth, the only summer trail to Two Rivers by land is a good fifty miles, and it's almost forty, through a bad stretch of bush, to the club. But now, Mrs. Plimpton, don't let yourself get nervous about it. We'll get along all right. There's not the slightest danger, you know. We're on an island, with no bears or wolves or rattlesnakes for a hundred miles around. We'll get al——"

"But what will we *live on?*" Her tone was now almost a shriek of horror.

"Why, there's always all the fish we want, and there must be any amount of huckleberries on the island, and that salt in the 'Lodge' will come in handy, and there's a lot of lunch left, too. I'll—I'll go back and bring it up now."

The retreat, if well-judged, was palpably undignified. But Miss Ethel followed him out with angelic sympathy. "Now don't you mind Auntie dear! *I* don't blame you. Indeed," after an effort—"Indeed, I think it's very romantic. Lots of girls would give all the world for such an experience."

Three hours later that vigorous man of parts, Donnelly, had brought in and dressed half a dozen good-sized "smallmouths," and was *en route*. He would have a five-mile pull to the head of the lake, and a thirty-six-mile tramp through the slashings after that; to do the most of it he would have to wait till sunrise next day.

As for the trio marooned on Duck Island, they began their *al fresco* housekeeping. Hastings brought the table and "chairs" out of the "Lodge," kindled a fire, fried half their bass and eked out the board with more of the luncheon bread and cake. Mrs. Plimpton did not partake of the fish on general principles; but in that she made a grievous mistake. However, Hastings was now wise enough not to argue with her. And when, as darkness came on, she additionally expressed an aversion to the chill of the August evening which was only equaled by her envenomed unbelief in any immediate coming of assistance, he lit candles for her, and got a fire going in the "Lodge" stove. She took the bunk nearest to it, and with Miss Ethel's help made herself profoundly uncomfortable upon some two-thirds of the Electra's cushions.

As for Miss Ethel herself, she did not elect to go in for some time yet. She let Hastings put his raglan over her shoulders, and they sat in a sort of sheltering cave of branches by the warm glow of the camp-fire. The high, silent stars peered down at them, the night sounds came whispering in from woods and water, and they were in an oasis of understanding fellowship while all about was desolation and loneliness. It was very strange and unreal, and romantic beyond novels. They murmured together for a long hour. "It seemed"—to Miss Sparling—"that only at times like these did one realize what true friendship really meant, and how little outside things counted for. And the danger and lonesomeness only seemed to draw people nearer together."

"OH, VERY WELL!" SHE SAID, "WE CAN GO BACK AND WAIT ALONE"

It made them both very silent. There were still some chicken sandwiches left. They finished them up in a sort of sweet solemnity, and, with a long pressure of hands, parted for the night.

III

NOW bunking by a camp-fire in the cold end of a Canadian summer, when you have neither blankets nor sleeping-bag, is, however romantic, far from being a blissful experience. You begin by pyramiding your fire with dry wood, and you spend the next hour trying to cover a baking face, and picking sparks from your clothing. Then, when you have once approximately got to sleep, you suddenly awaken to a mound of half-dead ashes and a coldness of back that is one goose-fleshed shuddering. The next hour, and the next, and the next only repeat this alternation. You remain even as Ephraim, who, be it remembered, was as "a cake not turned," and verily had no delight in it.

When at last "Dawn, the rosy-fingered," gave Hastings the word to get up, he arose cramped, crick-necked and leaden-headed. A cold, dew-webbed, old logging-boom lay half-buried on the beach. He went and sat himself upon it and cheerlessly regarded the frosty mirror of the lake. Then he slowly took himself off up the island to get his morning's plunge and find some berries for the coming breakfast.

The water, luxuriously warmer than the air, brought some quickening glow back into his bones. But it was only after a great deal of hunting that he finally found one sparse patch of stunted huckleberry bushes. And it probably took him much longer than he imagined to fill his sylvan dish of stem-pinned basswood leaves. For when he got back to the "Lodge" both ladies had evidently been up for some time.

And it was no less plain that they had not enjoyed their night upon the horseshoe-shaped cushions of the Electra. Miss Sparling responded to his morning greetings with a smile that was thin and diluted, and Mrs. Plimpton did not smile at all. "We had begun to think," she said, "that you had forgotten breakfast." Hastings inferred that they were unpleasantly hungry.

And it was then, too, that he noticed that the dishes were still unwashed. This was not according to the program of his pastoral; and more than that, the washing of dishes was of all things the most loathly to his masculine soul. He had any amount of chivalry—tempered by the possession of sisters—but as he gathered the fat and fishy pile of porcelain into the lunch-basket and carried it down to the dish-towels and soup of the Electra, he could not but feel that he had some cause for complaint. And the irritating phase of it was that when he in time returned to light the fire and fry the remainder of Donnelly's bass, the ladies acted as if the grievance were in entirely another quarter. The repast was on the whole no auspiciously idyllic one.

Moreover, Mrs. Plimpton, having this time eaten quite her share of the fish, gave notice with unnecessary sharpness that she would now try to regain some of the sleep she had lost during the night, and hinted more than broadly that Mr. Hastings would do well to make it *his* first duty to see to the replenishing of the food supply. He looked an invitation for Miss Ethel to join him. But she pleaded that she was very sleepy, too. For the present, at least, she stayed with her aunt.

And indeed Mr. Hastings felt unconscionably indisposed to do anything but rest and sleep himself. Yet there was the preposterous but cast-iron fact to face, that if he did not catch some fish before lunch there would *be* no lunch! So helping himself from Donnelly's bait supply he picked up his rod and began to push his way along the south shore.

By ten o'clock he was face to face with another cast-iron fact: there was extremely little chance of his *catching* any fish! The beach was one of either sloping sand or rushy swamp. Nowhere could he get within a dozen yards of really deep water. He made repeated casts. He balanced himself on the point of every old boulder and projecting log. But after three hours of that his creel was still unopened.

When he returned to the "Lodge" and the ladies, their expression of impatient waiting promptly changed to one of gaping dismay. He said "it was a very funny thing," and then very wisely hastened to add the prevarication that he "had probably been using the wrong bait."

"What kind of bait did your man use?" asked Miss Ethel.

It seemed to Mr. Hastings that her voice had undergone a change since the night before. He explained that Donnelly had been able to do his fishing from mid-channel.

Then he took up his gear and started off again, this time up the north shore. He fished it even more thoroughly than he had the south, and it was after three when he got back. He had no need to say in words that he still had caught nothing.

The ladies were now not only badly frightened but also very hungry. "Dear, *dear!*" said Mrs. Plimpton, almost in a wail of anger, "I don't know whatever in the world you let your man go for!"

Hastings was himself very raw and hungry, and he was by this time pretty well fagged out as well. But he bit down his feelings, and said mildly enough, "that that was hardly a logical complaint; if Donnelly had stayed he would not now be well over his journey to get them help: he was probably having a pretty tough time of it, too."

Mrs. Plimpton took this as an evasion, if not an impertinence. "I think," she said, "if you are going out again we had better go along with you."

He made no answer. There was nothing to do but to drag them after him along a senseless second trial of the south shore. And under such conditions even the contemplation of Miss Ethel was no joy.

Again for an hour he did not get a nibble. Then to his astonishment he got something very like the preliminary jerk of a yellow bass. Miss Ethel shrieked at him to look—and he did not get a second bite. He summoned all his tact to help him give her very gently to understand the necessity of absolute silence.

"Oh, very well!" she said, cutting him short, "we can go back and wait alone at the 'Lodge.' Come, Auntie dear!" It was then that he first noticed a certain family resemblance she bore to Mrs. Plimpton.

It was almost five when he gave it up and followed them himself. They were sitting stonily by the heap of breakfast dishes, still unwashed, and the ashes of last night's fire. They took only one look at his empty hands.

"*Perhaps*," said Mrs. Plimpton, "we may not seem so absurd and childish, now, when we questioned your wisdom in letting Donnelly go!"

Now this was unmitigable folly! "Why," he choked—and he made his exasperated appeal to the kindlier sense of Miss Sparling—"Why, you know I never used any such words. And if I *hadn't* let Donnelly go, I'd simply have had to go myself!"

There was only one answer for sweet femininity to make to that. Miss Ethel did not make it. What she said was: "If you'll fix up that rod for me, Mr. Hastings, *I'll* fish too, while you're trying somewhere else."

He got out that rod, baited the untried "No. 3," and taking up his own kit struck out along the beach once more.

Half an hour later his ear caught his own name, faintly sounding on a far-borne feminine cry. It was repeated again and again. And, as he came plunging back through the bush, his ears soon told him that the cries were of excitement, not of terror. They seemed, too, to be coming from the Electra. In another minute he was in sight of her.

Miss Sparling was leaning far over the stern of the launch, wildly swaying and jerking at her pole; but as she was wholly ignoring her reel she was every moment losing more line. He vaulted over the bows and skipped to her rescue. Ten seconds later he had brought in a three-pound catfish.

"Why!" he panted, between huge relief and soulfelt chagrin, "I was a bally clam not to think of this before. I pitched the scraps in here, and they've very likely brought in a whole *school* of catters. We'll dine like kings yet to-night!"

The catfish, or "catter," or "mudcat" or "mudpout," is probably the most unbeautiful of God's creatures. Indeed, one child of simple piety is on record as refusing to believe that the Creator made him like that in the beginning at all. He much resembles a gigantic pollywog, being no less shamefully devoid of scales. Like the eel, "he has his tail all the way up to his ears," and his mouth is modeled on that of a Gladstone bag. Nor is there any sport in him. Within the next half-hour Hastings and Miss Sparling pulled out seven more, but one and all came from the water with only a single flop of mild and wondering protest. Yet, if the catfish is neither handsome nor warlike, his sterling qualities outweigh

almost all of his rivals when he is dropped into the true balance of the domestic frying-pan.

IV

IT HAS long been an observation of scornful womankind that men are essentially gross and material creatures. The contemplation of their food has an effect upon them which cannot be engendered by all the beauties of art; and their condition of mind when they have dined to their satisfaction could hardly be superinduced by the sweets of "most divine philosophy." Miss Sparling could see that with those catfish lying on the grass before George Hastings he again set himself to wash dishes—to her the most impossible of scullery work—with absolute pleasure. He retired to the even more hideous task of preparing the "catters" for the pan with an actual eagerness. And when he had eaten his fill, even of that single course, it was further and exasperatingly evident that his conscience had wholly and serenely thrown off all the manifold offense he had given throughout the day!

He sat there and was maddeningly content with himself, and his very first words were the frankest, the most definite confession of his commonness! "It's amazing," he said, "how a good meal will change the whole aspect of affairs with you!"

"I think that depends altogether on how deeply people *feel*," responded Miss Sparling—and her tone was such that even Mr. Hastings could not err therein.

He dropped that topic with some uncomfortable precipitation. Really, though, such a response was gratuitous. Yet, under the present circumstances, one could overlook something.

And when next he broke the silence he soothingly attempted to give the conversation a more personal direction. "Do you know," he said, "you seem to look paler, somehow, in the firelight."

"Yes," she said, "I don't know that to-day has left me feeling quite right."

Now he had marked her eat a very ample portion of the dinner, and this second echo of unpleasantness seemed to him monotonous. When he spoke again his own tone was considerably less tender. "Oh, now, Miss Sparling, don't you start to worry at this stage of the game. I believe, if you never get unduly excited and just let things slip along, you'll always come out all right."

"Oh, no doubt I shall, Mr. Hastings, thank you. But I think for my part that for a man to 'just let things slip along' may sometimes be very hard on other people. I know he isn't the kind of man a *woman* feels she can look up to. And it's very likely to end with her having to do things he should have been able to do for himself!"

Now this *was* uncalled for! He had thought that that first catfish they had caught together was to have been a bond between them—something that to remember would always seem a sweet tie of fellow-feeling. Now she had thrown it in his face. He could not within his dignity dispute the matter with her, yet it was at least his duty to defend himself as a man, nay, to use the vulgar phrase, as a "good provider."

"Miss Sparling," he said, "I hope you do not doubt that sooner or later I should have fished for those catfish beside the launch."

"It was I who thought of it," she replied.

"But it was my knowledge of the habits of catfish that enabled me to take full advantage of it."

"Oh, by all means, Mr. Hastings—if you *insist* upon having the credit for it." She arose, flung his raglan from her, and swept into the "Lodge."

He sprang up repentantly to intercept her, and stumbled over the pile of dinner-dishes—again unwashed. It stopped him, effectually!

And this night he slept very much less blissfully than he had the night before. Miss Sparling's smile was one that in such furtive day-dreams as he permitted himself he was wont secretly and fondly to recall. Now, when he painfully attempted to readjust his focus of past days, into the place of that soft, dimpling smile there leeringly thrust itself the hateful muzzle of that first unhappy "catter."

V

THE dawn which awoke him was this time not rosy-fingered. It was a gray, raw morning, apparently setting toward rain. His body was one cold and multifarious ache. His neck creaked as he tried to turn it. His jaws felt as if they needed resetting. His head was sore, exceedingly.

There was yet no sail upon the horizon, but the pile of dirty dishes still lay before him. For a long time he gazed at it billiously. Then, deliberately stepping over it, he took his way along the swampy shore to his swimming-place. Yet reflection and the medicating plunge modified the bitterness of his mood, and he came back prepared if not to forget, at least loftily to ignore.

The ladies had risen even earlier than the previous morning, and they had risen with an acrimony that had doubled with the flight of time. As he neared the "Lodge"—alas for all gentility—it was plain to the ear that they were addressing language to each other that was most hot and combative. It had now begun to rain. Perforce he joined them in the shelter—and was soon made acquainted with the cause of trouble. It appeared that Miss Ethel, having the night before retired with that in her soul which made either thought or presence of catfish most intolerable, had taken the three of them remaining bundled up for breakfast in the "Lodge" supply-box, and thrust them mercilessly out of the door. Now, in the cold awakening of a new day, they were not there!

"A mink, most likely," said Hastings; then with greatness of spirit he added, "but there must be plenty more where they came from."

"It was what *you* said that made me put them out," said Miss Ethel.

At that Mr. Hastings felt that only the philosopher in him kept him from absolutely losing his temper.

"And if you hadn't just wanted them to be taken you'd have kept some little watch over them!"

He looked at "Aunt Maria," and very quickly looked away again. If Miss Ethel had been at fault that morning, did he imagine that he could make *her* his lightning-rod for the unmeasured storms of wrath that for two days had been piling up against *him?* Aunt Maria was of no such fickle fibre.

"Oh, no doubt I can catch another mess," he said.

"It was *I* who caught the *biggest* of those yesterday," said Miss Ethel correctingly.

He had got half-way to the Electra before the rain had permeated his fury sufficiently to remind him that he had left his raglan in the "Lodge." But not for the wealth of unnumbered trusts would he have gone back for it. He sat and soaked in hardship, injustice and all unkindness at every fiercely welcoming pore. And as he fished he talked to himself, repeating with variations all the replies he might have made "had he been that kind of man," and thought of them in time.

As for the fishing itself, in the first half-hour he caught nothing, in the second he fetched out a "catter" that might have gone fifteen ounces—and in the next hour he did not get any encouragement whatever. He returned to the ladies, showed his single fish, and briefly told them the condition of things.

"Oh, well," said Aunt Maria, "we can starve!" (He had given her his solemn word, some ten times reiterated, that that afternoon at the latest would see the coming of their relieving force.)

He swallowed and went outside. The dishes were still

(Concluded on Page 18)

A TENDERFOOT ON THUNDER MOUNTAIN

By William Allen White

II—THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

ROOSEVELT, Idaho County, Idaho, is a town of two hundred and fifty souls, a string of log frames with canvas tops, set beside and across a trout stream. It lies in a crease in the mountains like a tear in the folds of an accordion bellows. It is without sidewalks, without streets, without officers, without export commerce, without a wagon road, without benefit of clergy, almost "without form, and void." Yet it was the Mecca of thousands this summer, and to-day it is the journey's end of ten thousand who expect to brave the hardships of the trail and go into the Thunder Mountain gold-fields next spring. For Roosevelt, with two hundred and fifty people, is the metropolis of the Thunder Mountain country. It has no rivals; it has destroyed them. Time was when Thunder Mountain City was a town of prospects. It rose to the dignity of a Fourth of July celebration this year, with a sack race and a greased pole; but to-day not a soul lives in Thunder Mountain City, and the chipmunk, the camp-robber and the owl own the place by quit-claim from its former human inhabitants. The town is "one with Nineveh and Tyre." And the procession of pilgrims near the end of their week's journey over the trail from the railroad to Thunder Mountain passes by the ruins of the town that rose and fell and passed into history in half a year. They do things with a rush in Idaho; the Old Settlers' Association of Roosevelt will be drawing the line at newcomers next spring, though the town has not seen its first Christmas. Nothing better illustrates the domination of commercialism in the world than the peaceful conquest by Roosevelt of Thunder Mountain City. In the days of Homer it would have cost the lives of a thousand men, and would have given birth to an epic. A generation ago there would have been a county-seat war at least and a formidable display of pocket-artillery. Gentlemen from one town would have visited the other town, to return in such desultory fragments as an overworked coroner had time to patch up. But the mere announcement that the one-hundred-stamp mill of the Dewey mine was to be located next year at Roosevelt and not at Thunder Mountain City caused that town to crawfish into its past while the moon was changing. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, nor the bark of a protesting pistol. Capital merely shut one eye and jerked its head toward the town site of Roosevelt and Thunder Mountain City became a pile of interesting ruins.

The topography of the town of Roosevelt, like many other things in this world, is best described by its enemies. They call it the beaver dam. The town lies at the base of two almost perpendicular mountains rising from Monumental Creek. The enemies of Roosevelt further say that it will be food for a snow-slide some of these fine days. For the hills on both sides of the town are bald, porphyry drifts where slides have delighted to caper, and if a slide does not come down and dislocate the town site, it will be due to the firm belief of the Roosevelt boomers in the power of mind over matter. For they declare most convincingly that there is no danger. But if a snow-slide or a water-spout should come tripping down the valley it would have easy picking, as Roosevelt is about a mile long and one hundred feet wide. It is one of the largest towns in the world that has never seen a wagon or a wheeled vehicle of any kind. Though it is a horseman's town there is no livery stable in the place, and no herder and no pasture near. Oats bring from fifteen to thirty cents a pound, and the feed of man or beast for a day at Roosevelt costs the same. But when a man gets into the gold-fields who desires to stay any length of time he turns his horse loose on the mountains, and when he gets ready to go he takes two or three days to find it—or buys another horse of a newcomer. This plan is cheaper than tying a horse to a tree and feeding it with oats at a dollar a "feed." Provision for the entertainment of man is not better than that for his beast; there are no hotels in Roosevelt and few restaurants. At these the bills-of-fare run along the hard path of the third-class

Editor's Note—This is the second paper by Mr. White on the newest-found gold-fields. The third will appear next week.

THE ROOSEVELT OBELISK

THE RAW MATERIAL FOR A WESTERN NOVEL

railway lunch counter. It is presumed that if a man is in Roosevelt he is there to work, and expects to live as cheaply as his system will permit. Life there is the simple life raised to the nth power. The only members of the leisure classes in the town are six saloon-keepers and the Chicago Kid, a tin-horn gentleman. Every one else works, and works till he is dog-tired at night. Steady work and baking-powder bread will keep men in the path of rectitude when sermons fail.

By day the white string of a thoroughfare in the crack of the cañon is deserted save when a pack-train comes in or when some newly arrived pilgrim waddles up the street with that bow-legged walk peculiar to horsemen who have ridden far. By day even the saloons are deserted and the cloth signs flap in the wind over the log stores lonesomely and no one reads them. But at night the miners gather in the cloth-topped, earth-floored saloons and talk in subdued tones, and those who are not too weary risk a quarter or so on faro or "stud-poker," and then listlessly leave the game to others. There is just as much wild abandon about a Roosevelt saloon and gambling hell as there is about a deaf and dumb prayer-meeting. At Klondike Kate's, the leading saloon in the town, there is a phonograph to keep the customers awake. It grinds out the newest popular songs, and as the machine is supplied with fresh records only two weeks old from New York every few days, the young blades from Thunder Mountain, when they go back to eat the fatted calf, will not embarrass their relatives by whistling the Washington Post March nor the Sextette from Florodora. The crowd was enjoying a ditty called Take Me Back to Herald Square this September and was complaining because the music of the new comic operas and the new jokes from the Rogers Brothers were not in the shipment of records that arrived the day before. Not enough drinks were sold that evening to pay for the candles which stood in empty beer bottles along the pine bar. The miner of the new school and John Barleycorn may speak as they pass by, but they no longer smile with the fervor of the days of 'forty-nine. The Rum Fiend in Roosevelt is mangy. Saloon after saloon has failed, and one whole mining crew of three shifts passed two pay-days this September without sending a check to a saloon for cash. The town has been running six months without an officer and without even a misdemeanor committed to give a constable a fee, if there had been a constable in town. The men of Roosevelt are young men. A majority of them are men of some education and attainment. The hard-rock miners, many of them, are college men, working in the mines to get the lay of the land, saving their money and all of them flirting with opportunity. There is no hurrah, no yip and kiyoodle, nobody wild and woolly and full of fleas in Roosevelt. No one carries a gun and no one fears robberies. Thousands of dollars' worth of gold is blocked out in the mines on the hills and left unguarded. No ore thief, no horse thief, has ever appeared in the place. Each man is his own policeman. And yet certainly, if occasion should come for the individual police force to organize, the American instinct for law and order would organize the town as naturally as affinities unite.

About the only devilish diversion the town has is to watch Lawless John, the Horrible Example of Roosevelt, work the stranger for a drink. John is part of the human drift that floats on the crest of waves of gold excitement. Every camp has them. They like to tell about the winter of 'forty-nine and the spring of 'fifty. They were caught in the eddy at Leadville, and rose with the foam at Cripple Creek. In the San Juan country they were still driftwood. For two years this drift has been floating into Thunder Mountain and out again. For provisions get high in winter-time, and with bread at a dollar and a half a loaf and flour at eighty dollars a sack, men who are working within sight of the front elevation of the house of hunger don't care to have relations with men who are rated as "low-grade" propositions. For there is this difference between ore and men: low-grade ore always has its rich streaks which make profits for the business, but a low-grade man runs low all the way. So there is little patience with Lawless John and his night-blooming inebriety at Roosevelt, and the men at Klondike Kate's ignore him, and before the night is old they go to their bunk-houses, and by nine o'clock the town is asleep, and the lights are out by ten o'clock all over town. A late light makes as great a scandal in Roosevelt as it does in a New England town, and once this fall when the postmaster was sitting up enjoying a frugal game of draw the whole town stayed up, thinking that he was expecting the mail!

In the morning the miners scatter to their work on the hills and the day drones on in the deserted town. Within three miles of Roosevelt this fall there were half a dozen mines operating. The most important of these is the Dewey mine. Indeed it is the only real producing mine in the whole district. It is located near Mule Creek on Thunder Mountain, two miles from Roosevelt. The Dewey now employs over fifty men and has twelve or fifteen hundred feet of tunneling. It must be understood that in all the Thunder Mountain country there is not a shaft. The mountains are so steep and so small that all the work is tunneling. The Dewey tunnels, however, are now slanting downward. They run through porphyry reefs and the ore is rich. It is free-milling ore and runs as high as two hundred dollars to the ton, and the ore bodies are big and easily traceable. It is believed that as the reefs and dikes of Thunder Mountain and the district immediately around Thunder Mountain go downward they will run base, though now the ore is found free in talc or in porphyry, with sometimes a little quartz. The ore of the Dewey mine, as the tunnel slants down, is running green, indicating the approach of copper. The ore of the Wisdom and the Sunnyside, two mines on Thunder Mountain, is also found free in pure white talc that is unctuous to the touch and as soft as putty on the dump, but it hardens in a few hours to a chalklike substance. In the Fairview, which is across the gulch from Thunder Mountain, the talc is stained green fifty feet from the mouth of the tunnel. The ore in these three mines runs from sixteen to one hundred dollars the ton in free gold. The dikes of talc are broad and are often found at the points of contact with a ledge, or more commonly a fault. The ore is found in streaks or pockets.

ONLY A LITTLE STAGE-SETTING IS NEEDED TO MAKE THIS UP FOR A JOAQUIN MILLER PLAY

The Dewey people now are operating a little ten-stamp mill night and day, which they brought in by pack-train, and the marvel of it is that pack-mules could get it in. It was taken apart, but there are some parts of the mill that are as big as a horse. There was no wagon road within seventy-five miles of the mine when the mill came up, and yet there it stands, operating as a monument to the ingenuity of the mountain packer. The woodwork of this mill is hewn out by hand, and a photograph of the interior of the mill has a quaint Bradley poster effect. The Dewey people have a hundred-stamp mill on the railroad at Emmet, one hundred miles from the mine. They are building a wagon road to the camp on which to transport the big mill. It will probably be in place next fall. In the mean time other strikes are being made almost every week in the country. It is a fact that not a tunnel fifty feet deep has been sunk in the Thunder Mountain district which has revealed a barren vein. The volcanic dust which covers Thunder Mountain will pan and show color that will assay over a dollar a ton. Of course all the creeks below Thunder Mountain, and all the creeks running out of the district, and all the rivers within two hundred miles of the mineral belt now known to extend fifty by thirty miles west of Thunder Mountain, have been worked by placer miners for nearly fifty years. There are dates on the trees as far back as 'fifty-eight, and the records show placer entries in the early 'sixties. It was at a placer mine that the Dewey was first discovered and developed. The history of the development of the mine is of interest.

They held a celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the first unfurling of the American flag at Warrens a few weeks ago. Warrens is seventy miles from Thunder Mountain, and it was a placer camp forty years ago. White men have been followed by Chinamen in those placer fields, and Chinamen by other Chinamen, and other Chinamen by white men with dredges, and all have taken out much gold from the placers. This is but one point; there are scores of such points, north, east, south, west; wherever rivers run away from the mountain of gold there are successful placer mines. Year by year the placer miners kept coming nearer the source of the deposits. In 1869 a gentleman known as Three-Fingered Smith crossed Snow-slide Summit with a rifle and some salt, and came out the next spring with the first showing of the white, fine, light gold peculiar to the district. Men wondered at it, and others went in—only one or two others—and Monumental Creek came to have a little local fame. In 1884 there was a placer excitement on what is now called Sugar Creek, and in 1893 the White Pine Basin was worked extensively. Little by little the crowd was edging toward the head of the golden stream. Then a curious thing was noticed. The placers would be cleaned out by the crowds; the crowds would leave, and in two years the placer discoveries would revive again on the very locations that had been worked a season or two before.

Then came the Caswell brothers and edged up much nearer to the fountain-head. They had a theory that the streams and basins were being replenished every year by some live source. They went up Monumental Creek to Mule Creek, and went up Mule Creek and found strange things. They found what is called the "Mysterious Slide." Here on a comparatively level area, something over half a mile square, the trees slant in a dozen different directions, and so recent have been the changes that trees are standing split in three parts by the dropping and sliding of the earth over a talc deposit. It is believed by some mineralogists that auriferous talc veins are still rising, and that gold—to put it popularly—is not all "made" in the district. Not far from this "slide" the Caswells found a gold-bearing porphyry reef exposed. They went to work on the reef and took out many thousand dollars' worth of free gold in a few months. They were not miners, but cattlemen, who were temporarily resting from their "loved employ." They established what may be called a cowman's mining outfit. Their cabins are in use on the Dewey properties now. All these cabins are lined with deerskins; deerskins keep out the cold from the door-cracks, deerskins cover the floor. The logs are rough-hewn and poorly chinked, but they sufficed in their day, and the Caswells worked their mine as best they could, taking out fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year and bringing it down to Boise, where they deposited it in the banks. Other miners went into the country and worked—not over half a dozen for the first few years. Harvey G. Taylor, who located the town site of Roosevelt and discovered the Fairview mine, was one of these. The pioneer miners depended on hunting for most of their fare, and the loss of a mink skin or an otter, which meant cash with which to buy flour, was a loss too deep for tears. For they did not all find the mountain of gold. They

IN HILL CLOTHES

were prospecting with scant pickings. They lived on venison until it was thin skating around the scurvy with them many times, and the hard winters ground them as in a mill.

In the mean time the Caswell brothers were trying to interest real mining men in their mine. After several years of failure they succeeded in getting Colonel Dewey, of Nampa, Idaho, to take the mine under a three-years' bond for $100,000. And of this amount he was to pay $25,000 by building a wagon road into the district within a year from the beginning of the contract. Dewey put men to work on the reef. The year slipped away. His men told him what he had. The road had not been touched. Dewey had to put up the entire $100,000 in cash at the end of the first year or forfeit his bond. He paid the Caswells the cash and the Dewey mine became known to the mining world. There is no doubt that it is an unusually rich mine. It is at the head of the gold supply for all the streams. After the Dewey mine became a fact in the miner's geography—and that was in 1900—there was an influx of quartz miners to Thunder Mountain—hardly a rush, but a rapid growth of population. On Thunder Mountain men found that these intrusions of gold-bearing porphyry are almost of contemporaneous occurrence. They saw when they scraped off the surface of volcanic dust that this must have fallen during the present geological epoch, for under it are charred forests revealed by pick and shovel at the mouths of tunnels, and the trees are clearly like those that are standing rooted in the ashes to-day. It is curious to note that this charcoal or carbon from these tree-trunks will pan with exceptional richness, but the gold is as light as gold leaf, and unless one's wrist is limber as a willow withe this light gold will float out of the pan with the refuse.

THE TOWN OF ROOSEVELT

The Danger of Development by Proxy

When the little Dewey stamp mill was shipped in, it established Thunder Mountain as a camp. There are now half a score of legitimate mining propositions in or near Thunder Mountain; the best of these are the Wisdom and the Sunnyside and the Fairview, the Rainbow group, and the Lava Creek outfit. A Kansas City company has thirty-seven claims and is shipping in supplies to prospect their properties this winter, and in the due course of nature should find something worth while. This summer considerable Pennsylvania capital was invested in Thunder Mountain, some carefully and profitable, and some not wisely but too well. Campbell and Moore, of the Wisdom, are types of the best sort of mine developers on Thunder Mountain. They "personally conduct" their operations and they have a property which the winter may turn into a great mine. The danger in doing development work by proxy and under the auspices of a corporation even a few hundred miles away is that the opportunities for deceiving even an honest manager, who is not actually on the ground all winter, are as the stars in the sky. There are hundreds of Thunder Mountain mining companies which have no other basis of hope than a few gopher holes in the mud of a hillside. It should be remembered by prospective investors that but one real mine is now operating in Thunder Mountain, and that is the Dewey, and not over ten holes are actually being dug into Thunder Mountain by real prospectors who are trying to develop real mines, and the writer does not know that stock is for sale in any of the companies operating these ten holes. The tunnels are being run either by private individuals, or partners, or by close corporations. Next year, if these holes in the wall show real mines, probably thousands of companies will spring up peddling stock all over the East.

There is but one safe rule to follow when investing money in a new mining district. Either to go to the mine one's self, or to hire a reputable mining expert to examine the mine or mines owned by the company in which one is inclined to invest. It may be suggested that this is an expensive business. To which reply may be made, that mining is a poor man's vice and a rich man's luxury. It should ever be borne in mind by investors of small holdings in mining property that a mine is a hole in the ground into which one is always putting money and sometimes taking it out. However, there may be readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who fancy that if they could have an accurate, scientific description of the country by a practical mineralogist they might invest their money wisely. For such readers this statement was prepared by Newton R. Hibbs, of Roosevelt, at the writer's request. Mr. Hibbs has been in the Thunder Mountain district for four years and in the Western mountains all his life. He says:

"It is the general conception of the public that the Thunder Mountain gold-field is of sedimentary origin. The fact is, no primary rocks are found in the free gold-belt. In an area of four hundred square miles, of which Thunder Mountain is a central figure, the primary rock formation has been entirely removed. Unlike the ordinary mountains, our high ranges are made up of intrusive dikes with no tilted schists or granites. While there is no evidence present of violent earth disturbances, there being only an occasional fragment of scoria found to indicate eruptions, the ridges and peaks are generally held up by from six to a dozen distinct intrusions, or distinct porphyry dikes. It is evident that an old system of water-courses at an old geological age was completely reversed in this whole mountain region by an intrusion of porphyry that broke the earth crust in an east and west trend, along the main river of this ancient water system, and reversed the course of the rivers and creeks. The primary schists and granites were evidently so much broken by the first disturbance that the reversed water-courses soon cut deep cañons leading at right angles from the east and west porphyry dike, the course of which is marked by Lightning Peak, Rainbow Peak and the basalt 'Nigger-Heads.' Later other intrusions broke the earth crust along cañons formed by the new water-courses, making ridges with porphyry backbones where the cañons had been. These successive upheavals so crumbled the primary earth crust that the old formation was easily reduced to sand and soil by erosion. In the years of transformation the old, decomposed rocks all crumbled from the mountainside and slipped and rolled into the streams, and were disintegrated and distributed far below the present level of the little valleys. Then came successive intrusions along the line of the contacts, first of the porphyry and the old formation and then between the porphyry dikes. After the tilted primary rocks were broken and rolled away by successive uplifts, the older porphyries were tilted more and more till that formation is fast following the primary rocks into the creek beds. After many intrusions the newer porphyries have tilted the outside contacts beyond the perpendicular; and the mountains have split, as is the case at the Dewey mine, and formed horizontal reefs. These successive intrusions have had the effect of wedges, and they have in some instances turned the earth crust upside down, which is true of the Dewey reef. It is an accepted fact that porphyry intrusions are the source of all the gold of our mines. Though it may not have become thoroughly established that the porphyry of one age was more prolific of this precious metal than that of another, such a conclusion is not improbable. At any rate, the theory is well founded that the region which has the most various porphyry formations is the most prolific of gold. It is often remarked that the number of intrusions almost determines the importance of mineral belts. Thunder Mountain, with its succession of intrusions, has no primary or 'country' rock—only a porphyry bed-rock. The occasion of the general distribution of placer gold throughout this region is the excessive waste of broken, soft gold-bearing porphyries—broken by the uplift and subjected to erosion in the disturbed state. Primarily it is the disintegration of various kinds of porphyry that carry auriferous deposits in leads and ledges. One inquiry remains unanswered in relation to this district: Are the conditions favorable for the secondary enrichment of great ore bodies? A logical answer would be that large intrusive dikes, in accordance with scientific principles, form large contact cavities, and the waste from rich porphyries must afford rich vein-filling. And, so far as explored, even the surface fissures are filled with rich conglomerates. The wide contacts left in the process of cooling were surely filled to unexplored depths with breccia with which the gold was concentrated by the flow of hot solutions through the natural sluices. It is not a matter of surprise that the porphyry bed-rock of this whole region is seamed with gold-filled strata. Logically there should be here one of the most extensive systems of contact veins that could exist in any rock formation, and the conditions are favorable for the enrichment of this vein system. Not only should there be, in this district, large, rich, brecciate ore bodies, but the porphyry dikes should be rich. There should be encountered here, by exploration, large zones of telluride, phonolite, sylvanite and sulphide gold ores. In fact, it is well demonstrated that the free gold encountered here is a precipitation, and then a concentration from the liquid gold of the ores named above or from kindred natural deposits that have not been named in any laboratory."

A PORPHYRY OUTCROP ON MONUMENTAL CREEK

The Host of Jack-Rabbit Millionaires

This is the "what should be" of the geologist. The "what is" of the miner will be reported next spring when the country opens and the result of this winter's work is known. For, excepting the Dewey, the whole Thunder Mountain region is a prospect. It is where Colorado was twenty-five years ago. Last winter and the winter before men went in on skees and snowshoes, and because investors could not get in to examine what they were buying claims were sold that had no place on the map when the snow melted. For five miles from the Dewey last winter every foot of ground was staked off though there was ten feet of snow over it all, and surveys were as impossible as any real discoveries were. Yet these claims were sold, and the men who bought them as a rule never went into the country to investigate them; they preferred to stay at home and abuse the district. This didn't yield dividends, and yet it is a question whether or not there is not more real, unalloyed comfort in blaming others for our own negligence than there is in the mere sordid act of money-making. The real fun to be had in connection with money is not in actual ownership. It is in convincing ourselves that we should have it, by all rights, or that we are about to have it. The happiest men in all these Salmon River Mountains are the prospectors who lay out claims, and add a million dollars to the value of their properties every time they change the date on their stakes to save assessment work! These men are holding their claims for millions, and really fancy they are worth the money they hope to get, yet in the winter they go about chasing jack-rabbits to death through the snow to get something to eat, and every summer "lean up" all day in camp and spend the night in riotous living at some other man's expense. And scarcely less happy is the miner who wears out ten pounds of shoe-leather to one of pick-steel, who prospects a mountain in an hour and a district in a week. It takes two men to drive his stakes fast enough to keep up with his location, and when he goes down to Boise he barters his golcondas to the barroom miners for a blue-sky-and-thin-air bond, and goes on his way of dreams crowding Pierpont Morgan and Dave Moffat off the earth, as long as he is good for board at the Overland. Last winter untold millions were made and lost by jack-rabbit millionaires in Boise. Every sheep-herder was an expert, and because the snow was so deep on Thunder Mountain that many prospectors found it inconvenient to go down to the surface of the earth for samples, the mines of Trinity County, California, were stripped for speckled ore, and the pockets of the gentry of the barroom exchange bulged with evidences of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Hot-foot miners were plenty, but hard-rock miners who had actually struck a pick in the new country were scarce.

THE BEGGARS' CLUB

By I. K. Friedman

AUTHOR OF BY BREAD ALONE, ETC.

—"AN' HE BEGINS TER SING A SONG"

MEETING THE THIRD

THE Two Twins were indeed a silent and a stingy pair, and they opened their lips as rarely as their purses. The twins were tolerated in the Beggars' Club merely because they were unique and because their family connections were eminently respectable.

They were as like in dress, speech and looks as the two Dromios. Morally considered, they were alike—neither of them had any morals. They were commonly supposed to be sixty years of age, and their looks did not belie the common supposition. They were dried, weazened and wrinkled, and but two teeth apiece from being toothless. The only effect that age had had upon their characters was to make them worse.

Between them they had one virtue; they loved each other. One was indispensable to the other. Jerry was a kind of right leg to Tom, and Tom was a kind of right leg to Jerry. The way of the transgressor is always hard, but it becomes doubly hard with the right leg gone, and this may be the reason why Tom clung to Jerry and Jerry clung to Tom.

For years the twins had stood on the same corner on the lookout for odd jobs and chores; indeed, they have stood there so long that they have given the corner a certain air of distinction. I should not be surprised if the street were to be named after them when they die. The truly great are only appreciated after their death. But all this is a mere pointing of morals and does not adorn the tale of

Two Beggars and a Bonnet

"Meh an' Jerry," started Tom, "has a story that is surprisin'. You tell it, Jerry," and Tom, surprised at his eloquence, turned to Jerry.

"Naw," hawed Jerry, "do you tell yer part an' I'll tell mine."

Tom, seeing that assistance was out of the question, went on:

"Where meh an' Jerry stands is a millinur lady—a lady what makes head-pieces fer other ladies—what now an' then gives meh an' Jerry a job fer to carry out her hats to de fool people what buys 'em.

"To-day she calls meh in an' she says, 'Now, this bonnut is in a hurry, an' ef yer carries it nice an' quick I'll give yer a quarter!' An' she gives meh de number an' de street. An' she axes me does I know de street.

"'Sure,' says I, 'meh sister Mary lives on that street. Yer knows, mam, meh sister Mary what married de saloon-keeper, him that is wuth a million, keeps two serwants an' a porter.'

"An' she cuts me short an' says, 'Never mind yer relatives; this is in a hurry.' Which was aggravatin', seein' as a poor man is allus proud ef a rich sister. But I takes de box an' de book ter sign an' I goes out es ef I was in a hurry—which I wasn't.

"On the corner I meets Jerry. 'What has yer got in de box?' axes Jerry."

"An' I axes yer what yer was a-gettin'," put in Jerry, as if trying to remind Tom of something forgotten.

"An' I told yer a quarter," answered Tom proudly.

"'Yer old fool,' says you, 'yer kin leave the bonnut at sister Mary's, an' get a bite ter eat, an' a tin full of tea, an' a quarter asides. An' sister Mary lives five numbers lower on de street, which is wuth considerin'."

Here Jerry relieved Tom. "An' a heap of arguin' I had ter do ter make this old fool see how it was better an' easier ter leave de bonnut at Mary's. He was afeerd that de millinur lady would have us arrested. 'Can't a man make a mistake in deliverin'?' axes I wid a wink.

"Knowin' how close sister is an' how she hates ter give us anything 'cause us is beggars an' her allus afeerd an' ashamed that de neighbors might diskiver it—we fixed it atween us ter say that we was lately become rich an' we brung her de bonnut fer a gift, an' how dresses an' sich truck was ter follow.

"Mary was in an' she answers our ring. 'Well,' says she, 'youse beggars here ag'in ater victuals? Youse is a disgrace an' a shame.'

"'No, we ain't a disgrace an' a shame any more, Mary,' puts in Tom an' meh; 'we is rich now an' we brung yer a gift—a bonnut what cost a fortin!'

"'Come right in,' says Mary; an' she opens de door wide, an' Tom an' meh steps in, Tom grinnin' so I had ter kick him ter be still.

"An' Mary tries ter explain how havin' a headache she was cross all morning, an' de baby was sick an' a lot of winmen lies. 'P'r'aps,' says she, 'you an' Tom would like a cup ef tea an' a bite ter eat?'

"'Well,' says Tom, 'we just eat dinner at a fashunable hotel, but we don't mind a cup ef tea.' An' all de time Mary was a-dyin' ter ask how we come by de fortin, an' we a-thinkin' how we could answer what she axed."

Jerry paused for breath and Tom went on:

"So I takes de bonnut out of de box an' I shows it ter her, an' Mary clasps her hands an' she screams, 'It's a dream.' It had two high peacock feathers what was black an' white, an' it looked as good as a circus tent with red an' white flags on top. An' she looks in de glass an' de bonnut fits her like de peach does de stone. Then she kisses meh, which was suddin an' not accordin' ter habit, it bein' all on account of de bonnut.

"'Now,' says she, 'I'll go an' make youse a cup ef tea an' cook somethin' hot.' An' she puts de bonnut back in de box an' leaves meh an' Jerry in de parlor, which is better en standin' outside an' drinkin' cold tea out ef a rusty pan.

"An' Jerry he says ter meh when we was alone, 'Tom, when yer goes, take de bonnut wid yer!'

"'What fer?' axes I.

"'Never mind,' says Jerry; 'I sees a dollar in sight an' no work.'

"So I says no more, knowin' as Jerry was a-thinkin' hard an' meh not wantin' ter puzzle him an' ter lose half ef de dollar. When Mary comes back with de tea an' de lunch like we never see afore, an' two ef her husband's cigars—which was on account ef de bonnut—she says: 'Now, I wants youse ter come often an' be ter home here, an' I expects yer on Sunday fer dinner.' An' Jerry he laughs an' I steps on his toes.

"Then Mary axes how we come by de fortin, an' I looks at Jerry, not knowin' what ter say. An' Jerry says quick an' solemn-like, 'It was mines!'

"An' Mary axes, 'How did that happen?'

"An' I answers fer Jerry seein' as Jerry was in a trap, 'It's a long story an' hard ter explain, but ter make it easy fer a woman ter understand, meh an' Jerry bought stocks an' shares an' de whole blame thing goes down, only our stocks an' shares goes up, an' de other fellers loses their money an' we makes ourn.' 'Oh, I see,' says Mary. An' I was glad that she seen, 'cause ef she hadn't we had been in a trap.

"A neighbor comes in afore Mary has de chance ter ax any more questions, an' when Mary's back was turned I grabs de bonnut." It was now Jerry's turn for his part of the duologue.

"When we reaches de street, Tom axes, 'What now?'

"'Give meh de bonnut,' says I.

—"IT'S TIME FER HONEST PEOPLE TER BE IN BED"

"An' Tom says: 'You'll sell de bonnut ter Mary er pawn it, an' where'll I be?'

"'That ain't de game at all, Tom,' says I. 'I takes de bonnut back ter de millinur lady an' tells her you was kilt by de cars, an' I brung it back. An' she'll give meh half a dollar fer takin' it out ag'in an' you en meh'll both have thirty-seven cents.' But Tom hangs on to de bonnut, not seein' where he was a-comin' in.

"'Why not take it right to de name what's on de tag an' ax fer fifty cents charges fer deliverin'?' says he.

"'Tom,' says I, 'yer a blamed old fool; we kin get a half dollar at both ends as well as one.' So Tom 'lowed he was wrong an' I was right, an' he gives me de box.

"When I goes into de millinur lady's place with de bonnut she almost faints. 'What,' shouts she, 'ain't yer delivered that bonnut yet? It ought ter been there two hours ago.'

"'Excuse me, madame,' says I, 'it was Tom as took out de box an' not meh; I'm Jerry.'

"'An' what has Tom been doin' all this time, the rogue!' shouts she.

"'Excuse meh, mam,' says I, a-squeezin' a tear out of meh eye wid my sleeve. 'Tom ain't a rogue any more; he's dead! He was kilt by de cars. His last word was, "Jerry, ef yer loves meh, bring that bonnut back ter de millinury lady."'

"'That's too bad,' says she, 'but I must get de bonnut out right away,' says she, 'er it will miss de lady what's going ter de hop, an' I wants meh pay! An' it's too late ter find anybody else; yer must take it out; yer must.'

"'How kin yer ax meh that, mam,' says I—'meh what is feelin' so bad about meh brother Tom?'

"'That's all sentimint,' says she. 'Drink this an' you'll feel better.' An' she offers meh a quarter ter hurry out wid de bonnut, but I hangs out fer fifty cents, sayin' as a man's affections fer his lost brother was wuth at least an extree quarter. An' she says, 'Well, there ain't no time fer argumint. I'll give yer fifty cents, only hurry.'"

"Yer tole meh it was only a quarter," bawled out Tom in a fury.

"I must have been wrong one of de times, then," explained Jerry nonchalantly.

"Well, as I was sayin', she gives meh de fifty cents an' she writes de name an' de address in de book; there not bein' time, she don't stop ter put on a tag.

"'Mam,' says I, 'if you will give meh one of them empty boxes fer a gift I'll hurry extree quick, I will.' An' she axes meh what fer in Heaven's name I wants de box.

"'Ter keep a few relics from Tom in that is extree dear ter meh,' says I, a-pullin' out meh handkerchief, an' a few brass buttons, an' an ole newspaper, an' an empty bottle, an' a piece of string.

"So, she bein' anxious ter git meh gone, gives meh a bonnut box, grumblin' all de time an' sayin', 'By de time that bonnut is delivered all meh profit'll be gone. I giv' yer brother a quarter an' yer fifty cents, an' de bonnut box cost meh fifteen cents, which makes ninety cents fer taking a bonnut a mile an' a half. I could git a cab fer that, I could.'

"'That's too bad,' says I; 'Tom might just as well have waited ter been kilt on de way back.' An' I trots off, bein' angry that I didn't have sense enough ter cry ag'in an' git another quarter.

"Outside I meets Tom, an' he says, seein' de two boxes, 'Yer don't mean ter carry out them two boxes fer de price ef one?'

"'No, Tom,' says I; 'de one box is empty. She guv it ter meh!'

"'She guv yer de empty box fer carryin' out de full one,' says he, 'an' yer took it like a old fool?'

"'An' a quarter asides,' answers I."

"Which was a lie," howled Tom indignantly.

Jerry did not allow his brother's aspersion to interfere with what the rhetoricians call the onward flow of his narrative.

"'An' what are yer goin' ter do with that empty box?' axes Tom.

"'Leave it at sister's,' says I. 'We'll say as we was thinkin' 'bout de mines an' de stocks, an' we fetched de box

away, not thinkin'. An' we'll fool the stingy old fox twice an' maybe borry a quarter asides.' 'Jerry,' says Tom, 'yer a gen'us; no one but a gen'us could have thought ef that.'

"Well, Tom an' meh goes up ter sister's flat. An' I waits downstairs while he totes up de empty box."

Here Jerry looked at Tom beseechingly, and Tom relieved him of the burden, and went on to tell the further adventures of the bonnet.

"I goes up de stairs an' Mary opens de door, an' I sees she was angry, but I holds up de box afore she has de chanct ter speak. 'Excuse meh, Mary,' says I, 'but in meh trouble about de mine an' de stocks I took de bonnut away, not being used ter carryin' one.'

"'En Mary smiles an' axes meh ef I wouldn't stay an' have supper. 'I ain't got time,' says I. 'Stock's goin' up all de day; but ef yer has a cup ef coffee an' a bite ter eat ready I don't mind. An' Mary,' I goes on, 'I'll bring yer a picture ef de mine on Sunday an' yer kin hang it on yer parlor wall. But I must hurry along now an' mind de stocks.'

"When de door was shut I runs up ag'in an' rings, an' Mary answers. 'Mary,' says I, 'in meh flurry alongside ef de stocks goin' up I left all meh money wid Jerry—would yer mind lettin' meh have a quarter till Sunday?'

"An' Mary, who was always that stingy yer couldn't get a penny without beggin' an' beggin', an' a nickel without cryin' an' cryin', she says, 'Yer might just as well have fifty cents es a quarter. I ain't de kind es forgets a brother in trouble.'"

"Yer old skinflint," thundered Jerry, "yer tole meh yer couldn't get a red from her. Yer owes meh a shillin'."

"An' I'll pay it some day afore I dies," smiled Tom blandly, hastening on to say:

"When I reaches the street I finds Jerry walkin' up an' down an' cursin', which is unusual, him bein' so lazy.

"'What's de matter?' axes I.

"'Oh, Tom,' says he, 'we done it, we done it. We left de wrong box wid Mary—de one wid de bonnut. This here one is empty.'

"'How did that happen?' I axes, turnin' pale.

"'It all comes along yer argumint about carryin' de boxes,' answered Jerry. 'I fooled yer by givin' yer de box wid de bonnut in, an' I forgot ter change when yer went up de stairs.'

"'It serves yer right,' answers I, 'fer tryin' ter play tricks on yer brother, an' makin' meh do de extree work;' but I feels sorry ter see Jerry a-lookin' so scared, an' I says, 'Yer a blamed old fool fer a gen'us, Jerry!'

"'An' why?' axes Jerry.

"'Why,' shouts I, 'could anything better a-happened? That mistake is wuth a fortin. Yer an' meh kin eat a week at sister's fer de bonnut, an' we kin charge just es much fer deliverin' de empty box es de full one.'

"'Tom,' says Jerry, 'I'm proud ef yer; yer a gen'us.'

"So meh an' him goes ter de house, which was a brownstone one an' no flat, an' we rings de bell.

"'This is swell,' says Jerry ter meh; 'we'll raise de price ter thirty cents apiece.' An' I hands Jerry de box, knowin' Jerry is better at drivin' a bargain.

"'Here's yer bonnut,' says Jerry when a lady comes ter de door.

"'Thank de Lord,' says she; 'missus is almost crazy.' An' she reaches out her hand ter grab de bonnut.

"'Not so quick, Miss,' says Jerry; 'meh an' him each gets thirty cents fer takin' youse de bonnut!'

"'That's outrageous,' says she; 'I never heerd de like ef it. I'll call missus.'

"An' de missus, what was a tall lady with a thin voice, comes a-runnin' down de stairs an' a-scoldin': 'I never heerd ef sich a thing an' I'll not pay it. I never pays any one fer deliverin' goods,' says she.

"'No, mam,' says I, 'not generally speakin', but this was in a hurry.'

"'Kin two go quicker en one?' she snaps ag'in.

"'No,' answers Jerry, him bein' ready this time, 'but ef I happened ter be kilt on de cars, why, Tom could take de bonnut.'

"'Which is de great p'int about de Tom an' Jerry Bonnut Deliverin' Company,' says I.

"'This is all very funny,' says she, 'but youse kin leave de bonnut, an' I'll arrange it with de millinur lady.'

"'Not much,' says Jerry; 'that wouldn't be so funny fer us. Yer kin pay us first, an' ef it ain't right yer kin git it back from de millinur lady.'

"'Well, I'll pay,' says she, ''cause I must have de bonnut, but it's an impisition!'

"An' she pays us an' we runs off. An' that's all there is to de story," ended Tom.

"Except," added Jerry, "that meh an' Tom is goin' ter sister's fer dinner on Sunday!"

McQuinn was the one hearer who did not enjoy the strange adventures of the bonnet—it came under his category of the long and the dry. "It's gettin' close outer twelve o'clock," grumbled he, "an' all this talkin' for only two rounds."

One-armed Jake took the hint, likewise time, by the forelock, suggesting, "I kin work in a short story an' another round 'tween now an' twelve o'clock."

"Dat's de kind," assented McQuinn, looking threateningly at the twins, and before the beer was bubbling in the can Jake had already delivered his introduction of

A Beggar's Stratagem

"Meh an' Foxy (I see Foxy ain't here to-night) worked a racket dat was all right fer Foxy, but what didn't go at all fer meh. Him an' meh started out ter-day an' he axes meh what I has on.

"'No scheme at all,' answers I; 'meh brain is givin' out. I'm gettin' old!'

"'Well,' puts in Foxy, 'I got a scheme, but not havin' tried it I ain't sure dat it'll work. Did yer ever try de sympathy game, Jake?' he axes.

"'Dere ain't no game what I ain't played,' says I; 'sympathy game an' all.'

"'Dis is a new sympathy game,' answers he, 'an' I'm sure dat no one has played it. Yer see, Jake, it goes like dis: yer fixes yerself fer de lame man an' I fixes mehself fer de blind man.'

"'Hold on, Foxy,' says I, 'dat's old; dat was done before any man on de earth was ever blind er lame!'

"'Give a feller a chance,' snaps Foxy; 'let meh finish. Here's de new part: I stand on de corner wid meh hat in meh hand, an' yer hobble up ter meh, an' yer looks sorry fer meh. Den yer drops a dime in meh hat. Den a whole crowd of people'll say, "Did yer see dat beggar give de oder beggar a dime? How deservin' he must be." Den dey all stops an' drops a dime in meh hat. Some ef em more an' some less.'

"'Dat's a very fine game fer yerself, Foxy,' says I, 'a very fine game for ter work meh fer a dime.'

"'Not at all,' answers he; 'ef it don't work I gives yer de dime back, an' ef it do work—why, we divides.'

"'Ef it's sich a fine scheme,' answers I, 'yer kin give meh a dime an' I'll drop de same dime in yer hat.'

"An' Foxy smiles an' he says, 'I knows yer, Jake; yer ain't honest; yer'd run away wid de dime.'

"'Both ef us would be takin' de same chanct, Foxy,' answers I. 'Yer kin give meh de dime an' I'll put it in.'

"'All right, Jake,' says he, 'but I'm sorry yer so suspicious.' An' he fishes through his pockets an' turns 'em inside out, an' he shakes his head.

"'Yer sees how it is, Jake; I'm willin' ter trust yer, but I ain't got de dime; I'm busted,' says he.

"'All right, Foxy,' says I, 'I'll risk de dime on yer, but ef yer don't do de square ding by meh I'll git even.'

"So meh an' Foxy walks on, an' Foxy watches sharp, an' when he sees de right corner, he stands still an' he takes off his hat, an' he begins ter sing a song de like ef which I never heerd afore. He must have made it up as he went along; it sounded like Chinee ter meh. But whether de song was Chinee or Japanee, it done de work. Yer never seen sich a crowd!

"An' I takes off meh hat an' I hobbles through de crowd an' begs an' I don't get a red. Den I fishes a dime out ef meh pocket an' I drops de dime inter Foxy's hat, a-sayin' ter mehself, 'Good-by, dime; meh an' you'll never see each other ag'in.' Den de crowd loosens up. Yer'd a thought it was a-rainin' silver. I niver seën sich an invistment fer a dime in all meh born days. In five minutes' time his hat was dat full I thought it'd break.

"Foxy puts de coin in his pocket an' walks away, an' I follers. When we gets to de alley I axes him how much it was.

"'Ten dollars an' eleven cents,' says he.

"'Den yer kin give meh five dollars an' five cents an' keep de extree cent fer yerself,' says I.

"An' Foxy grins an' I knows something is a-comin'.

"'Jake,' axes he, 'de dime what yer put in meh hat had a hole in it, eh?'

"'Yes,' answers I quick, afore I thought ef it had a hole in it er not.

"'Yer a rogue,' shouts he; 'I knowed yer didn't put a dime in meh hat. Dere was no dime wid a hole in it!'

"'Come ter think on it,' says I perlitely, 'de dime what I put in didn't have a hole in it.'

"'Jake,' axes he, 'which is a lie, de first er de second, er both?'

"I reaches out an' I grabs him by de throat. 'Look here,' I yells, 'two lies er no lies, are yer goin' ter do de square ding by meh?'

"An' Foxy, seein' I means business, he agrees ter divvy an' I don't let meh hand off his throat till he does. An' when he gives meh de coin I hands him a punch, an' Foxy yells. An' I turns ter go out of de alley when Foxy bawls:

"'Say, Jake, I didn't do de square thing an' I'm ashamed ef mehself. Now, Jake, yer an' meh kin work de same racket over ag'in. I'll trust yer to do de right ding. I'll play lame man an' yer kin play blind man, an' sing an' hold de hat!'

"'All right, Foxy,' says I; 'here's meh hand on it!'

"So meh an' him starts fer a new corner. An' when us hits on one, I takes off meh hat an' I shuts meh eyes ter play blind an' I sings fer all I'm worth. It didn't take long fer de crowd ter come, an' Foxy hobbles up ter meh through de crowd an' he stops in front ef meh an' looks inter meh hat an' he grins. Den he hobbles away, not droppin' de dime in. 'Yer a long time a-spendin' dat dime,' I was a-goin' ter yell out, but I dasn't.

"Den he hobbles around meh ag'in an' I was a-reachin' out ter land a long kick on his shins when he yells out:

"'Look out, Jake, de cop is comin'.'

"Like a fool I opens meh eyes an' looks around, an' de crowd laughs an' howls an' I sneaks away. An' if I catches Foxy I'll make him a bracelet out ef meh ten fingers fer his neck!"

"Dat remind meh," vociferated Loony Louis, "ef——"

"Save yer remimberences fer another time," frowned McQuinn; "the clock has struck twelve, an' it's time fer honest people ter be in bed."

—"AN' MARY CLASPS HER HANDS AN' SHE SCREAMS, 'IT'S A DREAM'"

THE TRUST BUILDERS

MR. SAMUEL CALVIN TAIT DODD — MR. WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL — MR. JAMES B. DILL

By PAUL LATZKE

THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE POSSIBLE THE GREAT CORPORATE COMBINATIONS WE CALL THE TRUSTS. THEIR PERSONALITIES AND METHODS OF WORK. THE POWER BEHIND THE PANAMA CAMPAIGN

IN THESE days when learned economists throughout the land are working overtime, telling us how to lay the "trust devil," when politicians everywhere are meeting in convention to hew out planks that shall build a gallows for his execution, it may be interesting to have a look at the magicians who raised this bogey out of the depths, and sent him stalking over the land to affright the people. These magicians are the trust lawyers or, as they prefer the title, the corporation lawyers. To the average citizen, the trust as it stands to-day is the creation of men like J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and the others who make up the great coterie of capitalists. To those who know, the trust is the creation of a group of astute lawyers whose offices lie within a stone's throw of the New York Stock Exchange. These are the men who organize the great consolidations, and put them on a plane where they are beyond the reach of the most ingenious legislation that has so far been devised. They are the men who first bring the trusts into being and afterward protect and safeguard them. Without these lawyers to point the way, to lay out the course, Mr. Morgan would to-day be nothing more than an ordinarily successful banker, instead of holding a position that is unique in the history of the world.

The Man Who Made "Morganeering" Possible

The most conspicuous figure in this group of trust lawyers is naturally Mr. Morgan's chief legal adviser, Francis Lynde Stetson. On the seventh floor of the Mills Building on Broad Street, near Wall, in New York City, is a suite of offices over the door of which is written: "Stetson, Jennings & Russell." If you can make your business very clear to the young man in the outer room you may be admitted to the presence of Mr. Stetson. But your reason for seeing him must be good. Even then it is a question whether or not. Mr. Stetson has no stated office hours, and unless you are a regular client you must, no matter how rich you may happen to be, take your chance. There are days at a time when he does not appear at his office at all, when he buries himself in his house on Madison Avenue, or in his country home at Tuxedo, working out the details of one of the gigantic corporations with which his time is principally occupied. If the young man who takes in your card says Mr. Stetson will see you, you walk the entire length of a large room, flanked on either side by the private offices of the half dozen or more lawyers who make up the firm. At the end you are ushered into a roomy office that is probably forty feet long and twenty feet wide. The windows overlook Broad Street and are on a level with the eaves of the new marble trading palace that the New York stock brokers are building for themselves. The place is abnormally quiet. The rush and roar of Broad Street reaches here only in muffled tones. The stillness, coming out of the hurly-burly, strikes you as almost uncanny. And to heighten the effect, you find yourself in a room that is apparently empty. Just as you have about concluded that the clerk has shown you into the wrong place, a mild, well-modulated voice salutes you, saying:

"How do you do?"

Then you notice Mr. Stetson, sitting away off in one corner, as far removed from the windows as possible. His desk is set close to the farthest wall. Behind it, and so close to the intersecting wall that he almost touches it when he tilts back in his chair, is the man you have come to see. The desk is of some dark, highly polished wood. Everything in and about the room is solid, substantial, luxurious. But it is the luxury of substance. The red carpet is thick and velvety, and soft to the foot, but shows signs of comfortable wear. The chair you are invited to occupy is spacious and restful. But the man. At first glance you are startled by something unusual. The shades are drawn half-way down and in the subdued light a large pair of eyes seem to be staring out at you. The effect is gone almost in a second and by a very simple act. When at work Mr. Stetson wears an enormous pair of round spectacles. These spectacles are rimmed with a heavy band of black gutta-percha, or some similar substance. The pieces that curve back of the ears are of the same material. Almost, the spectacles serve as a mask. As you sit down Mr. Stetson lifts the spectacles off his nose, and it is this act that has the effect of a transformation. A round, pleasant, good-natured face is revealed. The hair is thick, the eyes sharp and clear, the teeth are unusually prominent and the lips wide apart, so that there is the effect of a constant smile. The chin, which is rather fat, is thrust forward in a peculiar manner. It is generally said that this man, who has engineered organizations capitalized at billions of dollars, is the most soft-spoken member of the New York bar. His tones are decisive enough, but at the same time smooth and velvety. His manners are courteous, even when he is afflicted with a bore. But despite the courtesy there is a tone to his actions that generally cuts short an unwelcome visitor.

Mr. Stetson is the wealthiest lawyer in the world. People who profess to know say that he is worth at least twenty million dollars, the bulk of which has been made in the last ten years, principally in connection with the business of J. P. Morgan. He may be worth twice as much, and he may be worth half as much. Like Mr. Morgan, he keeps his business affairs to himself. But that his earnings have been enormous is easily apparent. According to well-authenticated reports, his fee for organizing the United States Steel Corporation was $500,000, and this was considered moderate in view of the fact that the securities, the legality of which he guaranteed, were worth $1,400,000,000. In addition to his legal fees in the matter, he figured also as one of the underwriters of the syndicate which cleared something like $40,000,000. All the great combinations effected by Mr. Morgan pass through Mr. Stetson's office. From the reorganization of the Northern Pacific and Southern Railways to the formation of the recent shipping combination, with a capital of $120,000,000, everything has paid him tribute. And in addition to all this, he is also the special counsel for a large number of other important combinations. Comparatively a few years ago this man, who makes more money in a day than many lawyers in fair practice make in a year, was satisfied to accept a salary of $7500 a year as assistant counsel to the corporation of New York. This was when William C. Whitney, afterward Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, was corporation counsel. Mr. Stetson's great success is due probably in an indirect way to Grover Cleveland, and directly to Mr. Whitney. He first met Mr. Cleveland, so far as is known, in Albany, when Mr. Cleveland was Governor. His unusual capacity for business attracted Mr. Cleveland's attention as it had Mr. Whitney's. Mr. Stetson then was a member of the firm of Bangs & Stetson, practicing in New York City. He conducted most of the business affairs in which Mr. Whitney was interested.

It is said in Wall Street that Mr. Stetson has never made a mistake in an important matter. He ranks as the greatest of the new school of business lawyers—men who are business experts first and lawyers afterward. This does not mean, however, that he is not a great lawyer. It means simply that his business talent is so pronounced that it overshadows even his recognized legal ability. It is the combination of the two that has brought to him a fortune that would have been impossible to a man who was merely a lawyer.

He is a member of the Episcopal Church, and very conscientious in his attendance and duties. There has not been an important convention of the Church in years at which he was not in attendance. The remarkable thing in connection with Mr. Stetson is the fact that he has always been a consistent Democrat. He opposed Mr. Bryan, but otherwise always supported the regular Democratic nominees, both State and National. In view of the radical stand taken by the Democratic party on the trust question, it has been commented on that Mr. Stetson should have remained prominent in its councils in view of his trust relations. But that he has is made evident by the fact that a number of influential journals in New York State have urged him as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1904.

The Commander of the Panama Campaign

William Nelson Cromwell probably comes next to Mr. Stetson among the trust lawyers in point of wealth. He is said to be worth fifteen million dollars. He, too, is essentially a business lawyer. His executive and organizing talent is extraordinary. Just at present Mr. Cromwell is in Paris perfecting the details of the transfer of the Panama Canal to the United States Government. If this canal is built by the United States, as now seems reasonably certain, the result will be due entirely to Mr. Cromwell. Two years ago, as any one may recall, there was about as much likelihood of the United States Government taking on the Panama Canal as there was that the Government would start a line of flying-machines. So far as the general public knew, indeed, the whole Panama Canal scheme was dead. The corruption and inefficiency of the DeLesseps management had apparently killed the project for all time. But Mr. Cromwell, it now transpires, not only felt certain that the Panama Canal would be built, but also that it would be built by the United States

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject by Mr. Latzke. The second will appear next week.

Government. He had been engaged years ago as counsel by the Panama Canal Company of France, and from the moment that he accepted a retainer he took hold of the project with his usual vim. While the Nicaragua advocates, headed by Senator Morgan, were apparently carrying everything before them, Mr. Cromwell was quietly perfecting arrangements for a campaign in the Congress and press of the United States This campaign was sprung with such audacity and suddenness that the Nicaragua people were fairly taken off their feet, and before they knew what happened Congress had passed the Panama act, and Nicaragua was shelved. This result was as surprising to the general public as it was to the experts on the canal question. The outcome was characteristic of Mr. Cromwell. Though the Panama exploit is probably the one that will make most for Mr. Cromwell's enduring fame, his great wealth has come principally from the great trusts, like the United States Steel, that came out of Mr. Morgan's office. The first big company he organized was the National Tube, in 1899, with a capitalization of $80,000,000. This concern now forms one of the most important subsidiary companies of the Steel Trust

The personality of Mr. Cromwell is perhaps the most striking of any of the men who have to do with the making of the big corporations. He has an enormous head, crowned with a dense mass of hair that is now almost white. It lies shaggy and thick, and makes a perfect mane. The hair frames a swarthy, virile face, the face of a very young man, despite a thick, gray mustache. He is past fifty, but quick and alert in his movements, and with a tireless, nervous energy that sends him flying down the street at a rate to test the endurance of the most robust. He never rides when he can walk, and he never walks slowly. In the densest crowds he dodges in and out, and shoots along like a streak. Even in New York, where people are generally too busy to pay much attention to any one, there are few who do not turn their heads as he goes by. Apparently Mr. Cromwell lives on work. He never takes a vacation. He makes flying trips to various parts of the United States and to Europe, but always for business, never for pleasure. His sole recreation is music, and in his magnificent house on West Forty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue, in New York, he has a pipe organ said to be the finest to be found in a private house on this side of the water. It cost in the neighborhood of $30,000, and a special room was built to contain it. The walls are extra thick in order that the playing may cause no annoyance to the neighbors. Mr. Cromwell is an accomplished musician, and for hours at a time he may, whenever the mood seizes him, be found at the keyboard. But it is only seldom that he permits himself even this small indulgence from his work. He is up every morning by half-past six and at his desk by nine. Long before he reaches his office he has gone through an amount of work that would be considered fair for a day by many less strenuous men

A Day at Mr. Cromwell's Office

In summer he lives at Seabright on the Jersey coast, near Long Branch. He comes up from there on the boat which leaves Sandy Hook for New York at eight o'clock in the morning. On the boat he has a special cabin, and in this cabin he settles down to work with his stenographer before the boat has cast loose. As soon as the New York dock is reached he rushes off and bolts for his office. There he turns to a desk that was specially built to his order. At first glance this desk looks not unlike a crescent buffet. It is flat-topped and probably twelve feet long from end to end. Behind this desk, in a swinging chair that moves easily from place to place, Mr. Cromwell takes station, his stenographer sitting opposite. His papers are laid out, fairly covering the entire desk, but in perfect order according to subjects. He takes them up one at a time and lands his stenographer in an hour with as much work as can be transcribed in six. Then another stenographer is called in and in this way they come in relays, his personal force consisting of three expert shorthand writers. Mr. Cromwell's office is near the top of a huge office building at the corner of Wall and William Streets. His firm, Sullivan & Cromwell, has long been famous. The head was Algernon Sullivan, in his day one of the great lights of the New York bar. Mr. Sullivan died some years ago, but the firm name has never been changed. It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Cromwell that, no matter how late he may be detained by social duties, he never misses a big night's work. He will frequently have guests until eleven o'clock at night, and then settle down until one or two in the morning, being up again at 6 30. He is director and counsel in more than twenty of the largest institutions in America, and has probably reorganized more important enterprises that had gone to pieces through mismanagement than any man on earth. One of the most striking things he effected was the reorganization of Decker, Howell & Co., the great New York Stock Exchange firm which failed for millions of dollars in 1890 in a big grain slump. He was made assignee, and when he had finished he had not only paid off all the creditors but left a million dollars surplus. Since then he has been in large demand whenever large concerns got into trouble. When Price, McCormick & Co. failed for $13,000,000 a few years ago, owing to cotton speculation, Mr Cromwell was made assignee; and when Henry S. Ives, the young Napoleon of Finance, tangled up the entire Wall Street district it was Cromwell again who was put in charge to straighten out affairs

Car-Sick Fruit from the West

IT HAS been discovered by the Agricultural Department that there is a great variation in the keeping qualities of refrigerated fruit. Apples, pears and plums, for example, picked in California at the same time and hauled under the same conditions, arrived in Chicago and New York in different degrees of preservation very puzzling both to dealers and scientists.

Careful experiments have shown that there is a great difference in the enduring qualities of California fruit raised on hillsides and that which comes from valleys. The latter frequently perishes before the cars reach Chicago, while the hill grown fruit, picked at the same time and at the same period of maturity, endures the journey to New York and even to London and Paris

It is expected that the completion of the Isthmian Canal will materially affect the volume and price of California fruit on the market in Eastern cities. Speed is of less importance in the transportation of orchard products than freedom from jarring and bruising. Shipments by steamship in refrigeration compartments insures practical immunity from the inevitable jarring of railway transportation, and as a result the Isthmian Canal will, it is confidently predicted, greatly lower the price and increase the quantity in the East of delicately flavored Pacific Coast fruits

THE PIT

By Frank Norris

Author of The Octopus

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CHAPTER IX

THE three years that had just passed had been the most important years of Laura Jadwin's life Since her marriage she had grown intellectually and morally with amazing rapidity. Indeed, so swift had been the change, that it was not so much a growth as a transformation. She was no longer the same half-formed, impulsive girl who had found a delight in the addresses of her three lovers, and who had sat on the floor in the old home on State Street and allowed Landry Court to hold her hand. She looked back upon the Miss Dearborn of those days as though she were another person. How she had grown since then! How she had changed! How different, how infinitely more serious and sweet her life since then had become'

A great fact had entered her world, a great new element, that dwarfed all other thoughts, all other considerations. This was her love for her husband. It was as though until the time of her marriage she had walked in darkness, a darkness that she fancied was day; walked perversely, carelessly, and with a frivolity that was almost wicked. Then, suddenly, she had seen a great light. Love had entered her world. In her new heaven a new light was fixed, and all other things were seen only because of this light; all other things were touched by it, tempered by it, warmed and vivified by it.

It had seemed to date from a certain evening at their country house at Geneva Lake, in Wisconsin where she had spent her honeymoon with her husband. They had been married about ten days It was a July evening, and they were quite alone on board the little steam yacht, the Thetis She remembered it all very plainly. It had been so warm that she had not changed her dress after dinner—she recalled that it was of Honiton lace over old-rose silk, and that Curtis had said it was the prettiest he had ever seen. It was an hour before midnight, and the lake was so still as to appear veritably solid. The moon was reflected upon the surface with never a ripple to blur its image. The sky was gray with starlight, and only a vague bar of black between the star-shimmer and the pale shield of the water marked the shore line. Never since that night could she hear the call of whippoorwills or the piping of night frogs but that the scene did not come back to her. The little Thetis had throbbed and panted steadily. At the door of the engine-room the engineer—the gray McKenny, his back discreetly turned—sat smoking a pipe and taking the air. From time to time he would swing himself into the engine room, and the clink and scrape of his shovel made itself heard as he stoked the fire vigorously

"LAURA, . . . DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO MARRY?"

Stretched out in a long, wicker deck chair hatless, a drab coat thrown around her shoulders, Laura had sat near her husband, who had placed himself upon a camp-stool, where he could reach the wheel with one hand.

"Well," he said at last, "are you glad you married me, Miss Dearborn?" And she had caught him about the neck and drawn his face down to hers, and her head thrown back, their lips all but touching, had whispered over and over again'

I love you—love you—love you!"

That night was final. The marriage ceremony, even that moment in her room when her husband had taken her in his arms and she had felt the first stirring of love in her heart, all the first week of their married life had been for Laura a whirl, a blur. She had not been able to find herself. Her affection for her husband came and went capriciously. There were moments when she believed herself to be really unhappy. Then, all at once, she seemed to awake Not the ceremony at St. James' Church, but that awakening had been her marriage. Now it was irrevocable; she was her husband's; she belonged to him indissolubly, forever and forever, and the surrender was a glory. Laura in that moment knew that love, the supreme triumph of a woman's life, was less a victory than a capitulation.

Since then her happiness had been perfect. Literally and truly there was not a cloud, not a mote in her sunshine. She had everything—the love for husband, great wealth, extraordinary beauty, perfect health, an untroubled mind, friends, position—everything. God had been good to her, beyond all dreams and all deserving. For her had been reserved all

the prizes, all the guerdons; for her who had done nothing to merit them

Never had an ugliness entered her gardens. In her arbors never a fruit grew dry. The fountains of her bowers never flowed with bitter waters. For her the asphodel flowered with a sweetness that never faded. For her strong walls, unbidden, rose to fence her from the harshness of the world. For her the wind was tempered. For her the flints of the path ways were soft with mosses. A queen, beautiful, excellent, a queen, crowned and adored, her days full of the breath of loving-kindness, she walked continually in green pastures and beside still waters, goodness and mercy in her train; in her eyes the radiance of a great love, and in her heart the Golden Secret of a perfect and untroubled joy.

Her husband she knew was no less happy. In those first three years after their marriage life was one unending pageant; and their happiness became for them some marvelous, bewildering thing, dazzling, resplendent, a strange, glittering, jeweled Wonder-worker that suddenly had been put into their hands.

Jadwin her husband was so much different, so infinitely better than Jadwin her lover that Laura sometimes found herself looking back on the old days and the time when she was simply Miss Dearborn with a kind of retrospective apprehension. How little she had known him after all, and how, in the face of this ignorance, this innocence, this absence of any insight into his real character, had she dared to take the irretrievable step that bound her to him for life? The Curtis Jadwin of those early days was so much another man. He might have been a rascal, she could not have known it. As it was, her husband had promptly come to be, for her, the best, the finest man she had ever known. But it might easily have been different.

However, it was not only Jadwin's virtues that endeared him to his wife. He was no impeccable hero in her eyes. He was tremendously human. He had his faults, his certain lovable weaknesses, and it was precisely these traits that Laura found so adorable.

For one thing, Jadwin could be magnificently inconsistent. Let him set his mind and heart upon a given pursuit, pleasure, or line of conduct not altogether advisable at the moment, and the ingenuity of the excuses by which he justified himself were monuments of elaborate sophistry. Yet, if later he lost interest, he reversed his arguments with supreme disregard for his former words.

Then, too, he developed a boyish pleasure in certain unessential though cherished objects and occupations, that he indulged extravagantly and to the neglect of things, not to say duties, incontestably of more importance.

One of these objects was the Thetis. In every conceivable particular the little steam yacht was complete down to the last bolt, the last coat of varnish; but at times during their summer vacations, when Jadwin, in all reason, should have been supervising the laying out of certain unfinished portions of the "grounds"—supervision which could be trusted to no subordinate—he would be found aboard the Thetis, hatless, in his shirt sleeves, in solemn debate with the gray McKenny, and—a cleaning rag, or monkey-wrench, or paint brush in his hand—tinkering and pottering about the boat, over and over again. Wealthy as he was, he could have maintained an entire crew on board whose whole duty should have been to screw and scrub and scour. But Jadwin would have none of it. "Costs too much," he would declare with profound gravity. He had the self-made American's handiness with implements and paint-brushes, and he would, at high noon and under a murderous sun, make the trip from the house to the dock where the Thetis was moored for the trivial pleasure of tightening a bolt which did not need tightening; or wake up in the night to tell Laura of some wonderful new idea he had conceived as to the equipment or decoration of the yacht. He had blustered about the extravagance of a "crew," but the sums of money that went to the refitting, overhauling, repainting and reballasting of the boat—all absolutely uncalled for—made even Laura gasp, and would have maintained a dozen sailors an entire year.

—McKENNY . . . SAT SMOKING A PIPE AND TAKING THE AIR

Once in the period of these three years Laura and her husband had gone abroad. But her experience in England—they did not get to the Continent—had been a disappointment to her. The museums, art galleries and cathedrals were not of the least interest to Jadwin, and though he followed her from one to another with uncomplaining stoicism, she felt his distress, and had contrived to return home three months ahead of time.

It was during this trip that they had bought so many of the pictures and appointments for the North Avenue house, and Laura's disappointment over her curtailed European travels was mitigated by the anticipation of her pleasure in settling in the new home. This had not been possible immediately after their marriage. For nearly two years the great place had been given over to contractors, architects, decorators and gardeners, and Laura and her husband had lived, while in Chicago, at the Auditorium, giving up the one time rectory on Cass Street to Page and to Aunt Wess'.

But when at last Laura entered upon possession of the North Avenue house she was not—after the first enthusiasm and excitement over its magnificence had died down—altogether pleased with it, though she told herself the contrary. Outwardly it was all that she could desire. It fronted Lincoln Park, and from all the windows upon that side the most delightful outlooks were obtainable—green woods, open lawns, the parade ground, the Lincoln monument, dells, bushes, smooth drives, flower-beds and fountains. From the great bay window of Laura's own sitting-room she could see far out over Lake Michigan, and watch the procession of great lake steamers, from Milwaukee, far-distant Duluth and the Sault Sainte Marie—the famous "Soo"—defiling majestically past, making for the mouth of the river, laden to the water's edge with whole harvests of wheat. At night, when the windows were open in the warm weather, she could hear the mournful wash and lapping of the water on the embankments.

The grounds about her home were beautiful. The stable itself was half again as large as her old home opposite St. James', and the conservatory, in which she took the keenest delight, was a wonderful affair—a vast bubble-like structure of green panes, whence, winter and summer, came a multitude of flowers for the house—violets, lilies-of-the-valley, jonquils, hyacinths, tulips, and her own loved roses.

But the interior of the house was, in parts, less satisfactory. Jadwin, so soon as his marriage was a certainty, had bought the house, and had given over its internal decorations and furnishings to a firm of decorators. Innocently enough he had intended to surprise his wife, had told himself that she should not be burdened with the responsibility of selection and planning. Fortunately, however, the decorators were men of taste. There was nothing to offend, and much to delight in the results they obtained in the dining-room, breakfast room, parlors, drawing rooms and suites of bedrooms. But Laura, though the beauty of it all enchanted her, could never rid herself of a feeling that it was not hers. It impressed her with its splendor of natural woods and dull "color effects," its cunning electrical devices, its mechanical contrivances for comfort, like the ready-made luxury and "convenience" of a Pullman.

However, she had intervened in time to reserve certain of the rooms to herself, and these—the library, her bedroom, and more especially that apartment from whose bay windows she looked out upon the lake, and which, as if she were still in her old home, she called the "upstairs sitting-room"—she furnished to suit herself.

For very long she found it difficult, even with all her resolution, with all her pleasure in her new-gained wealth, to adapt herself to a manner of living upon so vast a scale. She found herself continually planning the marketing for the next day, forgetting that this now was part of the housekeeper's duties. For months she persisted in "doing her room" after breakfast, just as she had been taught to do in the old days when she was a little girl at Barrington. She was frightened of the elevator, and never really learned how to use the neat little system of telephones that connected the various parts of the house with the servants' quarters. She never broke an ornament that she did not feel a certain embarrassment, as though she were a guest in a strange home, and for months her chiefest concern in her wonderful surroundings took the form of a dread of burglars.

Her keenest delights were her stable and the great organ in the art gallery; and these alone more than compensated for her uneasiness in other particulars.

Horses Laura adored—black ones with flowing tails and manes, like certain pictures she had seen. Nowadays, except on the rarest occasions, she never set foot out-of doors except to take her carriage, her coupé, her phaeton or her dog-cart. Best of all she loved her saddle-horses. She had learned to ride, and the morning was inclement indeed that she did not take a long and solitary excursion through the Park, followed by the groom and Jadwin's two spotted coach dogs.

The great organ terrified her at first. But on closer acquaintance she came to regard it as a vast-hearted, sympathetic friend. She already played the piano very well, and she scorned Jadwin's self playing "attachment." A teacher was engaged to instruct her in the intricacies of stops and of pedals, and in the difficulties of the "echo" organ, "great" organ, "choir" and "swell." So soon as she had mastered these Laura entered upon a new world of delight. Her taste in music was as yet a little immature—Gounod and even Verdi were its limitations. But to hear, responsive to the lightest pressure of her finger-tips, the mighty instrument go thundering through the cadences of the Anvil Chorus gave her a thrilling sense of power that was superb.

The untrained, unguided instinct of the actress in Laura had fostered in her a curious penchant toward melodrama. She had a taste for the magnificent. She reveled in these great musical "efferts" upon her organ, the grandiose easily appealed to her, while, as for herself, the rôle of the "grande dame," with this wonderful house for background and environment, came to be for her, quite unconsciously, a sort of game in which she delighted.

It was by this means that, in the end, she succeeded in adapting herself to her new surroundings. Innocently enough, and with a harmless, almost childlike, affectation, she posed a little. And by so doing found the solution of the incongruity between herself—the Laura of moderate means and a quiet life, and the massive luxury with which she was now surrounded. Without knowing it, she began to act the part of a great lady—and she acted it well. She assumed the existence of her numerous servants as she assumed the fact of the trees in the Park; she gave herself into the hands of her maid, not as Laura Jadwin of herself would have done it, clumsily and with the constraint of inexperience, but as she would have done it if she had been acting the part on the stage, with an air, with all the nonchalance of a marquise—with, in fine, all the superb condescension of her "grand manner."

She knew very well that if she relaxed this hauteur that her servants would impose on her, would run over her and in this matter she found new cause for wonder in her husband.

The servants, from the frigid butler to the under-groom, adored Jadwin. A half-expressed wish upon his part produced a more immediate effect than Laura's most explicit orders. He never descended to familiarity with them, and, as a matter of fact, ignored them to such an extent that he forgot or confused their names. But where Laura was obeyed with precise formality and chilly deference, Jadwin was served with obsequious alacrity, and with a good humor that even livery and "correct form" could not altogether conceal.

Laura's eyes were first opened to this genuine affection which Jadwin inspired in his servants by an incident which occurred in the first months of their occupancy of the new establishment. One of the gardeners had discovered the fact that Jadwin affected gardenias in the lapel of his coat, and thereat was at immense pains to supply him with a fresh bloom from the conservatory each morning. The flower was to be placed at Jadwin's plate, and it was quite the event of the day for the old fellow when the master appeared on the front steps with the flower in his coat. But a feud promptly developed over this matter between the gardener and the maid who took the butler's place at breakfast every morning. Sometimes Jadwin did not get the flower, and the gardener charged the maid with remissness in forgetting to place it at his plate after he had given it into her hands. In the end the affair became so clamorous that Jadwin himself had to intervene. The gardener was summoned and found to have been in fault only in his eagerness to please.

"Billy," said Jadwin to the old man at the conclusion of the whole matter, "you're an old fool."

And the gardener thereupon had bridled and stammered as though Jadwin had conferred a gift.

"Now if I had called him 'an old fool,'" observed Laura, "he would have sulked the rest of the week."

The happiest time of the day for Laura was the evening. In the daytime she was variously occupied, but her thoughts continually ran forward to the end of the day, when her husband would be with her. Jadwin breakfasted early, and Laura bore him company no matter how late she had stayed up the night before. By half-past eight he was out of the house, driving down to his office in his buggy behind Nip and Tuck. By nine Laura's own saddle-horse was brought to the

porte-cochère, and until eleven she rode in the Park. At twelve she lunched with Page, and in the afternoon—in the "upstairs sitting room"—read her Browning or her Meredith, the latter one of her newest discoveries, till three or four. Sometimes after that she went out in her carriage. If it was to "shop" she drove to the "Rookery," in La Salle Street, after her purchases were made, and sent the footman up to her husband's office to say that she would take him home. Or as often as not she called for Mrs. Cressler or Aunt Wess' or Mrs. Gretry, and carried them off to some exhibit of paintings or flowers, or more rarely—for she had not the least interest in social affairs—to teas or receptions.

But in the evenings, after dinner, she had her husband to herself. Page was almost invariably occupied by one or more of her young men in the drawing-room, but Laura and Jadwin shut themselves in the library, a lofty paneled room—a place of deep leather chairs, tall bookcases, etchings and sombre brasses—and there, while Jadwin lay stretched out upon the broad sofa, smoking cigars, one hand behind his head, Laura read aloud to him.

Occasionally the Jadwins entertained. Laura's husband was proud of his house, and never tired of showing his friends about it. Laura gave Page a "coming-out" dance, and every Sunday the Cresslers came to dinner. But Aunt Wess' could, at first, rarely be induced to pay the household a visit. So much grandeur made the little old maid uneasy, even a little suspicious. She would shake her head at Laura, murmuring:

"My word, it's all very fine; but, dear Laura, I hope you do pay for everything on the nail, and don't run up any bills. I don't know what your dear father would say to it all; no, I don't." And she would spend hours in counting the electric bulbs, which she insisted were only devices for some newfangled gas.

"Thirty-three in this one room alone," she would say. "I'd like to see your dear husband's face when he gets his gas bill. And a dressmaker that lives in the house! . Well—I don't want to say anything."

Thus three years had gone by. The new household settled to a régime. Continually Jadwin grew richer. His real estate appreciated in value; rents went up. Every time he speculated in wheat it was upon a larger scale, and every time he won. He was a Bear always, and on those rare occasions when he referred to his ventures in Laura's hearing it was invariably to say that prices were going down. Till at last had come that spring when he believed that the bottom had been touched, had had the talk with Gretry, and had, in secret, "turned Bull" with the suddenness of a strategist.

The matter was yet in Gretry's mind while the party remained in the art gallery; and as they were returning to the drawing-room he detained Jadwin an instant.

"If you are set upon breaking your neck," he said, "you might tell me at what figure you want me to buy for you."

"At the market," returned Jadwin. "I want to get into the thing quick."

The next day was Easter Sunday, and Page came down to nine o'clock breakfast a little late, to find Jadwin already finished and deep in the pages of the morning paper. Laura, still at table, was pouring a cup of coffee.

They were in the breakfast-room, a small, charming apartment, light and airy, and with many windows, one end opening upon the house conservatory. Jadwin was in his frock coat, which later he would wear to church. The famous gardenia was in his lapel. He was freshly shaven, and his fine cigar made a blue haze over his head. Laura was radiant in a white morning gown. A bunch of violets, large as a cabbage, lay on the table before her.

While Page addressed herself to her fruit and coffee, Jadwin put down his paper, and, his elbows on the arms of his rattan chair, sat for a long time looking out at the horses. By and by he got up and said:

"That new feed has filled 'em out in good shape. Think I'll go out and tell Jarvis to try it on the buggy team." He pushed open the French windows and went out, the setter sedately following.

Page dug her spoon into her grape-fruit, then suddenly laid it down and turned to Laura, her chin upon her palm.

"Laura," she said, "do you think I ought to marry—a girl of my temperament?"

"Marry?" echoed Laura.

"Sh-h!" whispered Page. "Laura—don't talk so loud. Yes, do you?"

"Well, why not marry, dearie? Why shouldn't you marry when the time comes? Girls as young as you are not supposed to have temperaments."

But, instead of answering, Page put another question:

"Laura, do you think I am womanly?"

"I think sometimes, Page, that you take your books and your reading too seriously. You've not been out of the house for three days, and I never see you without your notebooks and textbooks in your hand. You are at it, dear, from morning till night. Studies are all very well——"

"Oh, studies!" exclaimed Page. "I hate them. Laura, what is it to be womanly?"

"To be womanly?" repeated Laura. "Why, I don't know, honey. It's to be kind and well bred and gentle mostly, and never to be bold or conspicuous—and to love one's home and to take care of it, and to love and believe in one's husband, or parents, or children—or even one's sister—above any one else in the world."

"I think that being womanly is better than being well read," hazarded Page.

"We can be both, Page," Laura told her. "But, honey, I think you had better hurry through your breakfast. If we are going to church this Easter we want to get an early start. Curtis ordered the carriage half an hour earlier."

"Breakfast!" echoed Page. "I don't want a thing." She drew a deep breath and her eyes grew large. "Laura," she began again presently—"Laura, . . . Landry Court was here last night, and—oh, I don't know, he's so silly. But he said—well, he said this—well, I said that I understood how he felt about certain things, about 'getting on,' and being clean and fine and all that sort of thing, you know; and then he said, 'Oh, you don't know what it means to me to look into the eyes of a woman who really understands.'"

"Did he?" said Laura, lifting her eyebrows.

"Yes, and he seemed so fine and earnest. Laura, wh——" Page adjusted a hairpin at the back of her head, and moved closer to Laura, her eyes on the floor—"Laura—what do you suppose it did mean to him—don't you think it was foolish of him to talk like that?"

"Not at all," Laura said decisively. "If he said that he meant it—meant that he cared a great deal for you."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" shrieked Page. "But there's a great deal more to Landry than I think we've suspected. He wants to be more than a mere money-getting machine, he says, and he wants to cultivate his mind and understand art and literature and all that. And he wants me to help him, and I said I would. So, if you don't mind, he's coming up here certain nights every week, and we're going to—I'm going to read to him. We're to begin with The Ring and The Book."

In the latter part of May, the weather being unusually hot, the Jadwins, taking Page with them, went up to Geneva Lake for the summer, and the great house fronting Lincoln Park was deserted.

Laura had hoped that now her husband would be able to spend his entire time with her, but in this she was disappointed. At first Jadwin went down to the city but two days a week, but soon this was increased to alternate days. Gretry was a frequent visitor at the country house, and often he and Jadwin, their rocking-chairs side by side in a remote corner of the porch, talked "business" in low tones till far into the night.

"Dear," said Laura finally, "I'm seeing less and less of you every day, and I had so looked forward to this summer, when we were to be together all the time."

"I hate it as much as you do, Laura," said her husband. "But I do feel as though I ought to be on the spot just for now. I can't get it out of my head that we're going to have livelier times in a few months."

"But even Mr. Gretry says that you don't need to be right in your office every minute of the time. He says you can manage your Board of Trade business from out here just as well, and that you only go into town because you can't keep away from La Salle Street and the sound of the Wheat Pit."

Was this true? Jadwin himself had found it difficult to answer. There had been a time when Gretry had been obliged to urge and coax to get his friend to so much as notice the swirl of the great maelstrom in the Board of Trade Building. But of late Jadwin's eye and ear were forever turned thitherward, and it was he, and not Gretry, who took initiatives.

Meanwhile he was making money. As he had predicted, the wheat had advanced. May had been a fair-weather month with easy prices, the monthly Government report showing no loss in the condition of the crop. Wheat had gone up from 60 to 66 cents, and at a small profit Jadwin had sold some two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. Then had come the hot weather at the end of May. On the floor of the Board of Trade the Pit traders had begun to peel off their coats. It began to look like a hot June, and when cash wheat touched 68, Jadwin, now more than ever convinced of a coming Bull market, bought another five hundred thousand bushels.

This line he added to in June. Unfavorable weather—excessive heat, followed by flooding rains—had hurt the spring wheat, and in every direction there were complaints of weevils and chinch bugs. Later other deluges had discolored and damaged the winter crop. Jadwin was now, by virtue of his recent purchases, "long" one million bushels, and the market held firm at 72 cents—a twelve-cent advance in two months.

"She'll react," warned Gretry, "sure. Crooker and Sweeny haven't taken a hand yet. Look out for a heavy French crop. We'll get reports on it soon now. You're playing with a gun, J., that kicks farther than it shoots."

"We've not shot her yet," Jadwin said. "We're only just loading her—for Bear."

In July came the harvesting returns from all over the country, proving conclusively that for the first time in six years the United States crop was to be small and poor. The yield was moderate. Only part of it could be graded as "contract." Good wheat would be valuable from now on. Jadwin bought again, and again it was a "lot" of half a million bushels.

Then came the first manifestation of that marvelous golden luck that was to follow Curtis Jadwin through all the coming months. The French wheat crop was announced as poor. In Germany the yield was to be far below the normal. All through Hungary the potato and rye crops were light.

About the middle of the month Jadwin again called the broker to his country house, and took him for a long evening's trip around the lake, aboard the Thetis. They were alone. McKenny was at the wheel, and, seated on camp-stools in the stern of the little boat, Jadwin outlined his plans for the next few months.

"Sam," he said, "I thought back in April there that we were to touch top prices about the first of this month, but this French and German news has colored the cat different. I've been figuring that I would get out of this market around the seventies, but she's going higher. I'm going to hold on yet a while."

"You do it on your own responsibility, then," said the broker. "I warn you the price is top-heavy."

"Not much. Seventy cents is too cheap. Now I'm going into this hard; and I want to have my own lines out—to be independent of the trade papers that Crooker could buy up any time he wants to. I want you to get me some good, reliable correspondents in Europe; smart, bright fellows that we can depend on. I want one in Liverpool, one in Paris, and one in Odessa, and I want them to cable us every day."

Gretry thought a while.

(Continued on Page 20)

IN THE EVENINGS, AFTER DINNER, SHE HAD HER HUSBAND TO HERSELF

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¶In order to be a gentleman many a man has to forget himself

¶We see others as they are not; ourselves as we should like to be

¶A new citizen naturalized in Boston has five initials to his name. Another victim of overcapitalization.

¶Americans always admire the man who talks little and wins big. And that was what President Roosevelt did in the coal strike

¶A trick is like a cheap firecracker—when it seems to have done its work and lost its vitality it is apt to explode and hurt the man who set it off

¶It is always safe to suggest a Constitutional Amendment as a remedy for trusts or any other evil, simply because there is no likelihood that the Constitution will be amended

¶The next great strike comes with the Christmastide. It will be universal and even President Roosevelt will not be able to arbitrate it. The miners' union will then be recognized

¶In a lifetime of arduous toil Zola made $1,200,000 by his pen. That was literary genius. In a few weeks of comfortable work J. Pierpont Morgan made $10,000,000 by organizing the Steel Trust. That was financial genius.

Exit Don WhisKerandos

WE HAVE all read of that king who expressed surprise that an envoy from a neighboring kingdom who sought an audience with him was destitute of a beard. "Had your king no men of experience to send that he allowed a beardless youth to negotiate with me?" "Sire," said the young man, respectfully, but with a gleam in his boyish eye, "if my royal master had thought that experience was denoted by a beard he would have sent a billy-goat in my place."

The dialogue may not be exactly quoted, but the spirit of the words is there, and it shows us that the ancient monarch believed that in age lay experience: that age alone could produce a long beard, and that a man who had not one of Nature's æolian harps was not a man to be an ambassador.

We in America have changed all this. This is now the Country of the Young Man. The edict goes forth that after forty none need apply for positions in any department requiring ability of any sort, and, presto, the beards are all blown away!

Who wear beards to-day? Artists, young doctors and some old men. The artist wears his because his brother in France wears one, and because he knows that the American public is not yet far enough advanced to understand that the artistic people of the future are not the French, but Ourselves. A French beard is the badge of merit, and the American artist who lacks independence allows his beard to straggle through his chin and dresses it in the fashion of the Latin Quarter for business reasons

In a doctor, experience is still thought by some to be valuable, and so the young physician coaxes mustache and beard, seeking to disguise his inexperience by a mask of hair. And the old man wears his beard because he always has worn it although he no longer needs it in his business

Ten years ago a smooth-shaven man was either an actor or a priest; to-day he is Young America. And the price of false whiskers must have dropped materially. "Lord Dundrearies," "Burnsides" and "Galway sluggers" are no longer used in the polite drama.

The young American of the last generation looked into his glass each morning to see if he could not perceive the vanguard of the coming mustachio, and when he saw the struggling, straggling hairs he coaxed them by every means in his power and went through the motions of twisting his mustache long before the mustache was twistable.

To-day the young man looks into his mirror with equal anxiety, but he is no longer a coaxer: he is now a despoiler. He seeks not to build up but to destroy. His upper lip and the neighboring regions of the chin and cheeks must be kept free from the incursions of the hairy phalanx.

His prototype of the last generation knew well the old proverb that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt, but *he* knows that kissing at all is unhygienic, so why grow a mustache? He also knows that the day of the Young Man has come and that gray beards and yellow beards are at a discount, and so the razor sweeps along his lip even as the lawn mower sweeps over the fresh young grass, and his face assumes a Roman simplicity and look of power. By destroying his masculine adornment he becomes more masculine!

With Young Men the fashion, young doctors will become a fad. So, too, the young artist fresh from the French *ateliers*, or better still, fresh from his New York education, will after a time discover that he too is young and an American, and that the world is his, and he will make his beard up into paint-brushes and go forth conquering

And even as in the sixties and seventies smooth-shaven septuagenarians were called "gentlemen of the old school," so mustached and bearded men will receive the same designation, and the youngster of to-day will perceive something archaic, something savoring of the Nineteenth Century in their manner of speech and bearing, and if he is ill-bred he may laugh at the capillary attractions, but if he is of kindly habit he will speak with deference to the man who is as God made him, because he will recognize in him the man of a bygone but, in its way, a splendid day.

Prescriptions for Trouble

NEVER since the first sick man grumbled have there been so many cures for the body known in the world as now. That man is the exception who has not been cut to pieces and mended up again. There are a dozen schools of healing for every disease. One physician attacks the liver, another the bone, a third the skin. They assail you with drugs, with heat, cold, mud, magnetism and prayer. They lock you up in a box and bake you, or turn a swarm of bees in on you, or bathe you in purple light.

So much do we care for the body. But who cures the hurt soul? What patent medicine will dry tears?

You have worked hard and honestly in life, perhaps, and suddenly you are struck down on the road and thrown aside—a failure. Or the being dearest to you, your wife or the boy who was flesh of your flesh, your one care and hope in life, is dead—was put out of your sight, yesterday, in that cut in the muddy ground yonder. Never to come back home—never to speak to you or touch you again. What are you to do? The hours and days and years must creep on and on before you can go to him. Or perhaps the hurt is not a vital stab like that, but some mean, belittling shame, some vulgar disgrace that has fallen on you by no fault of yours. You think that you never shall lift your head or look your friends in the eyes again.

What can you do? You are young and strong: is life over now and dead? No doctor prescribes for these hurts: no drug touches them. Yet there are homely prescriptions which do give relief.

First, don't disguise the wound to yourself. It is there, real; it may never heal. When Pope was an old man he wept bitterly at his mother's grave. Not all of the long years, he said, had healed the hurt of her going away.

Don't touch your wound. But your physical nerves are weakened, your vitality is lessened. Go to work there.

Is there any occupation or amusement which you especially relish? Take it up. Be it the theatre, or novel reading, or photography, or cookery—go to it. Don't mind what the neighbors say. You will be surprised and perhaps a little ashamed to find how soon your pulses will grow regular and your thoughts sane.

Next, stiffen yourself to carry your grief alone. Don't drip the black flood hourly on to your neighbors. Be sure each of them has his own load to carry. Look for it. Give him a helping hand with it.

And after a year or two of this common-sense nourishment of yourself you will suddenly see that going through the vale of misery you have made it a straight road to the heights.

Statecraft and Trade

THERE has been, there is, and there will be, among business men and all interested in public affairs, a great deal of talk about "trade wars" and "commercial supremacy" and "defending home markets" and "conquering and holding foreign markets." What do these phrases mean?

Go into a shop—it matters not whether it is in Philadelphia or Peking, whether the merchant is a foreigner or a native. You talk amicably with the merchant, not about politics or geography or history, but about the quality and price of the article you wish to buy. And if quality and price are satisfactory, you pay your money and take the article, and you and the merchant part, each with a contented mind, each in possession of that which he wished to obtain.

Again, you go to market to sell goods you have grown or manufactured—it matters not whether the market is in New York or Newton's Crossroads or No Man's Land. You find there, in an adjoining booth, a merchant who has the same kind of goods as yours, but superior in quality or price, or in both. Along comes a customer. Naturally, he buys of your neighbor. You say to yourself: "My goods are not up to the standard. I must go home and overhaul my processes of production so that I may bring my goods up to the standard set by this merchant; for what he can do, I can do. And if I can't, I am evidently not competent to this line of production and should lose no time in leaving it for some line at which I *am* competent."

Thus, whether we look at trade and markets from the standpoint of consumer or producer, buyer or seller, we find in them no suggestion of violence, no call for guns, no point at which a bayonet could be wisely or profitably introduced

Do these belligerent phrases mean that when you go a-selling you must go with a revolver in either hand, so that, if you meet in the market a merchant with goods better and cheaper than yours, you may point one revolver at his head and the other revolver at the head of the customer who was about to prefer his goods to yours? If so, will you not presumably find yourself in a fight with that merchant which, whoever is victor, will eat up all your profits, past and prospective?

Folly supplants wisdom in human affairs when men fail to appreciate two great, simple truths:

First, that human nature is bounded only by the circumference of the earth.

Second, that the laws of trade are founded in human nature and govern alike all transactions, large and small, foreign and domestic.

"Being formerly astonished," says Montaigne, "at the greatness of some affair, I have been made acquainted with their motives and address by those who had performed it; and I have found nothing in it but very ordinary counsels. And the most common and usual counsels are indeed, perhaps, the most sure for practice—if not for show."

"If not for show"—aye, there's the rub.

To treat trade as a mere matter of peaceful exchange between two sensible men of peace—there's no show about that. To treat it as a matter for the cogitation of interfering statesmen, for the marshaling of armies and navies, for slaughtering customers instead of satisfying them—there's profundity, there's "statecraft" But it isn't trade. And it isn't broad common-sense or progress. Nor is it profit, mental, moral or material.

And all the palaver of politicians and of predatory monopolists can't make it so.

Good Hunting

The Moose Hunter's Calendar

By LAWRENCE T. SMYTH

A Record of What the Moose Does, Where He May be Found and How Decoyed

MAINE moose are safe to wander far from their own fireside until October 15, from which date to December 1 they must watch out for the sportsman behind the gun, or their antlers will soon be decorating some New York or Boston dining-room. In Canada the moose-hunting season began in the western part of the Province of Quebec on October 1, and in the eastern part of the Dominion on September 1, and "calling" is an art now industriously practiced by the few who are therein accomplished.

Though the Maine moose seem not to have increased in numbers since last year, it is said that in the eastern parts of Canada there has been a considerable increase. Whether this is due to the protection afforded by law, or to the fact that the forests are so wide and so difficult of access to all save natives or visitors of means and leisure, is hard to determine; but it is certain that this fall moose are numerous in New Brunswick, in the eastern portion of the Province of Quebec, and in Nova Scotia. The valley of the Matapediac River and the interior regions of the Counties of Gaspé and Témiscouata are among the best hunting-grounds in eastern Quebec, while game is very plentiful in Pontiac and Ottawa Counties and in the district of Mattawa in the western part of the Province.

The later a moose is killed the better his coat, for whereas most other game whiten in sympathy with the coming of the snow, the moose takes on darker colors, and his coat, as well as his head, grows more sombrely impressive with the advancing winter. A late October or November moose is the best trophy, for at that time, although the coat may not have attained the glossy black of midwinter, the horns are intact—and without the horns a head amounts to nothing. The hunter who waits too long for his moose may find that the biggest of the bulls have shed their horns, which they generally do in December, but sometimes in November. The older bulls shed their horns first, and sometimes the immense antlers are found in the woods by sportsmen and sent to the taxidermist to be mounted alone, or to be affixed to other heads. This has often been done by skillful taxidermists so cleverly that no one could detect the trick.

The habits of the moose are most interesting to observe. About the first of May, or as soon as the snow has disappeared, the animals leave their winter haunts in the depths of the forest and assemble in the neighborhood of streams or lakes, where their favorite summer foods are plentiful. They are especially fond of the water lily, and may be seen frequently wading out shoulder-deep after this tender fodder, plunging their great heads under water to pull up the plants by the roots—the roots being the choicest morsels to tempt the moose appetite. Rushes and young twigs of many kinds are also included in their bill of fare.

About the first of June the cow moose retire to deep thickets, not far from the water, and there the calves are born. Cows two years old seldom produce more than one calf at a birth, those more than three years old generally bringing forth two and occasionally three little ones. Through the hot weather the moose stick close to the streams and ponds and are in the water a good part of the time, partly to keep cool, but chiefly to protect themselves from the savage flies that swarm about them, burrowing into the flesh and causing the animals great misery. When the cows go to the water they first take great pains to conceal their young, to protect them from the ferocity of the old bulls, who are most unnatural parents and never lose an opportunity to gore the calves. The only safe place for a calf moose in summer is in the depths of a thicket which the old bulls cannot penetrate.

In April the bulls' horns begin to sprout, and by September they are out of the velvet, as hunters say—that is, the soft, mosslike covering has dropped off, and the hard horn is exposed. At this period the bulls have grown very fat and also very ugly, and will fight anything that walks at short notice and no provocation. A few weeks of racing through the woods "looking for trouble," with plenty of fights and time for little or nothing to eat, soon thins them down. It is then that the bulls make the woods echo with loud bellowing, and with the noise that is described by hunters as "chopping"—a spasmodic bringing of the jaws together that produces a sound like the distant blow of an ax in the log. On a still night the bellowing of a good sized bull moose can be distinctly heard for the distance of two or three miles. The call of the cow moose, which the hunter imitates with the aid of a birch-bark funnel, or horn, is a series of guttural grunts, concluding with a prolonged roar—a very dismal sound, which in calm weather can be heard as far as the bellow of the male. The male moose requires but one call from the cow to guide him to her whereabouts, and will make a bee-line for the spot hours afterward, even though the call has not been repeated. It is this peculiar power of instinct that sometimes brings a bull in front of a party of hunters in the morning after they have called all night without response. The bull usually takes his time.

The full of the October moon is the best time for moose-calling, and the best hour is that immediately succeeding sunset. A bull seldom responds to a call before sunset, and late at night, even with a bright moon, it may be too dark for a telling shot when the game shows up. Calling is most successfully done from a canoe drawn up under the shadow of the bank on a lake or stream. Even when the utmost precautions have been observed, the hunter may call and call, all through the night, and get no other answer than the echo of his birchen horn—and that's a most mournful sound in the woods at night. When a moose responds he can be heard crashing through the woods for half an hour or more before he appears in the open or upon the opposite shore. Then, if it is light enough to see him plainly, is the time for a steady nerve and a good rifle.

Indians are the best moose-callers, it being a talent born in them. They know the habits and peculiarities of the moose, and graduate the time and tone of the call to suit the occasion. An old bull is about the most knowing animal that walks, and he will pay no attention to amateur horn-blowing. The old bulls are also very savage in the fall, and, as has been said, are always ready to fight anything. It has occasionally happened that two bulls have come together in response to the same call, and, like other rival lovers, have fought a duel on the spot. A fight of this kind was witnessed on the west branch of the Penobscot River last winter, in which the bulls fought until their horns became inseparably locked, when they died together, inch by inch, by slow starvation.

The flesh of the bull moose is poor eating and no one but a very hungry man would care for it at this season, but the flesh of the cow is juicy and tender. A good many moose are killed, not only in Canada but in Maine, by poachers, who care only for the hides, and it is a wonder that the game was not exterminated long ago. In Canada the moose are saved, doubtless, by going far to the north, beyond the range of the hunters, while in Maine the penalties of the law are sufficient to deter all except the boldest poachers from killing out of season or more than the legal allowance—one bull, at least one year old. Any man might like a fine moose or a pair of antlers, but few men would care to pay a fine of from five hundred to one thousand dollars for breaking the game laws, much less to spend four months in jail in case he should not be able to pay the fine.

The New Hunting and the Old

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

THERE'S a good deal written and pictured nowadays about what is called the New Hunting, and no doubt it is a most estimable practice, this wandering about fields and streams with cameras and notebooks instead of guns and dogs, but I don't believe the old hunting will become entirely obsolete while human nature remains as it is, and they say it is going to do so for some time.

It is probably pleasanter for the birds and beasts to be shot at with a kodak than with a self-ejecting hammerless, though that depends on the man behind the camera; also, it is quite instructive for the young to know how many stripes a woodpecker ought to have on his belly; and to take pictures of "the characteristic poses of the screech owl" is no doubt interesting to those who like that kind of hunting. But that does not satisfy the longing many of us feel stirring in our midst along about this time of the year when the stubble-fields are calling and the trees are turning red, when a purple haze spreads down upon the meadows in the cool, crisp evenings, and the wondrous odors of cool delight come up from the fields at frosty daybreak.

The witty Frenchman who satirized his Anglo-Saxon cousins with the story of the two Englishmen: "Look, it is a beautiful day. "Yes, let us go out and kill something!" is supposed to have said the last word on the subject by those who do not share this ancient fret; but whether it be a relic of barbarism or not, a good many men, eminently worthy of the name, will ever cherish this bit of the primitive man, and those who humor it can not believe it is altogether the bad part of them, either. The more I see of sport—real sport—the more I think of sportsmen—real sportsmen. The more I see of game, their haunts and habits, the more I become convinced that it was made for the purpose of being game—that those creatures are attaining their individuality, fulfilling the high object of their existence when enticing or eluding the sportsman. That is, if he is a true sportsman. A bird who hasn't stood to a dog has missed his calling as much as a man who has never had to buck up against adversity or learned the zest of earning a living for his family. This does not apply, for instance, to the unnatural naturalist who shoots a bird standing on its legs, like a butcher, any more than to the pot hunter. I am talking about real sport and sportsmen—and real game; not screech-owls or song-birds.

Between game and man there seems to be a mutual understanding, a mutual respect, and a code of unwritten laws; those who do not follow them are loathed as much by sportsmen as they are hated by the game.

Now, if any of you are sentimental followers of the New Hunting, with a few books on bird lore hidden about your clothes, I suppose you will say my logic is at fault somewhere, and I reckon it is. I never could explain it; but all I know is that the gentlest men, the kindest, the most generous I've ever known, have not been among these cataloguing hunters with kodaks and notebooks, but have been sportsmen, tried and true, men who have stood shoulder to shoulder with me in a blind all day long in a driving Northeast storm to get a shot at a pair of Mallards when their fingers were too numb to pull the trigger, or have marched up hill and down dale all day long, from sunrise to sunset, working a dog through swamps, hedges, timber-land and upland, and have come home at dusk hungry and tired and lame—but happy even if their barrels were clean, and merely more happy if they had a full bag to show. They may be cruel monsters, heartless murderers, imperfect products of civilization, but I don't ask for any better friends or to know better men on this goodly planet than those very fellows. And when I die I hope my boys will learn to shoot this old gun of mine, and grow up to be men of that same mould.

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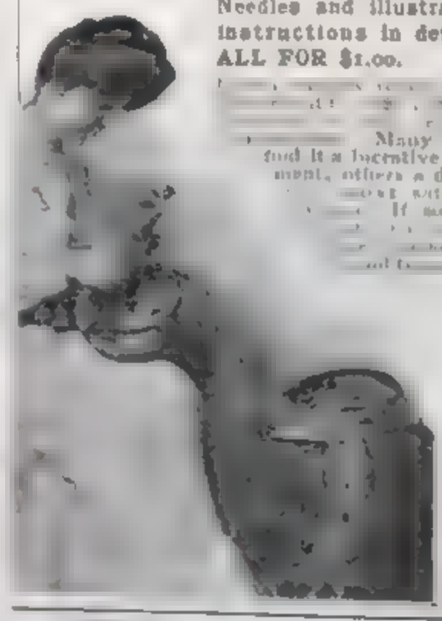

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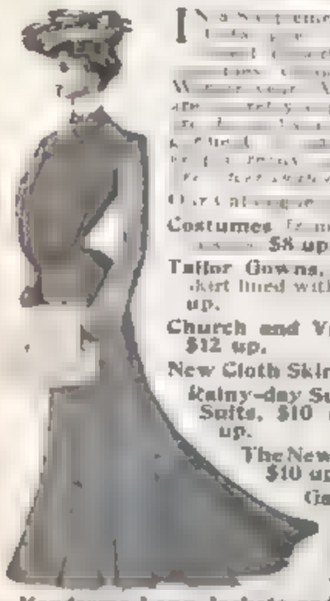

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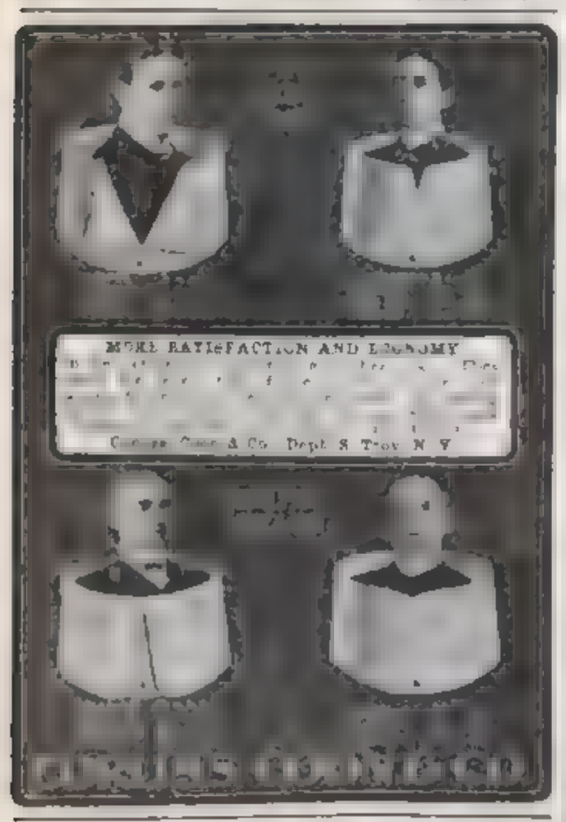

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IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

(IV) THE MIRROR

YOU look at yourself in the glass and say:
"Really, I'm rather *distingué*.
To be sure my eyes
Are assorted in size,
And my mouth is a crack
Running too far back,
And I hardly suppose
An unclassified nose
Is a mark of beauty, as beauty goes;
But still there's something about the whole
Suggesting a beauty of—well, say soul."
And this is the reason that photograph galleries
Are able to pay employees' salaries
Now, this little mark of our brotherhood,
By which each thinks that his looks are good
Is laudable quite in you and me
Provided we not only look, but be

I look at my poem and you hear me say
"Really, it's clever in its way.
The theme is old
And the style is cold.
These words run rude;
That line is crude;
And here is a rhyme
Which fails to chime,
And the meter dances out of time.
Oh, it isn't so bright it'll blind the sun,
But it's better than this by Such-a-one"
And that is the reason I and my creditors
Curse the "unreasoning whims" of editors,
And yet, if one writes for a livelihood,
He ought to believe that his work is good,
Provided the form that his vanity takes
Not only believes, but also makes

And there is our neighbor. We've heard him say,
"Really, I'm not the commonest clay.
Brown got his dust
By betraying a trust;
And Jones' wife
Leads a terrible life;
While I *have* heard
That Robinson's word
Isn't quite so good as Steel preferred
And Gray has a soul with seamy cracks
For he talks of people behind their backs!"
And these are the reasons the penitentiary
Holds open house for another century
True, we want no man in our neighborhood
Who doesn't consider his character good;
But then it ought to be also true
He not only knows to consider, but do.

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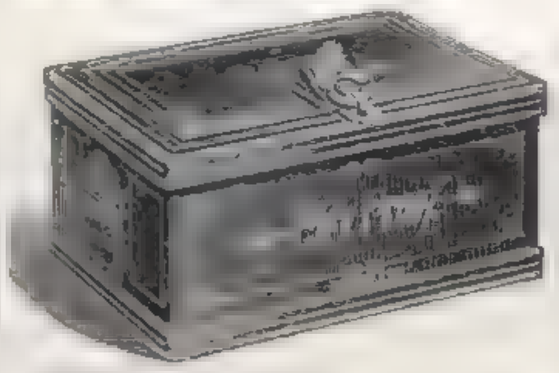

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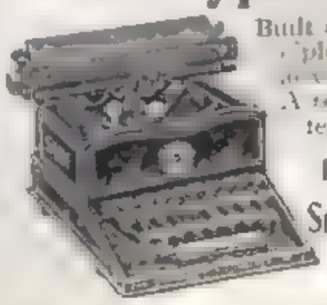

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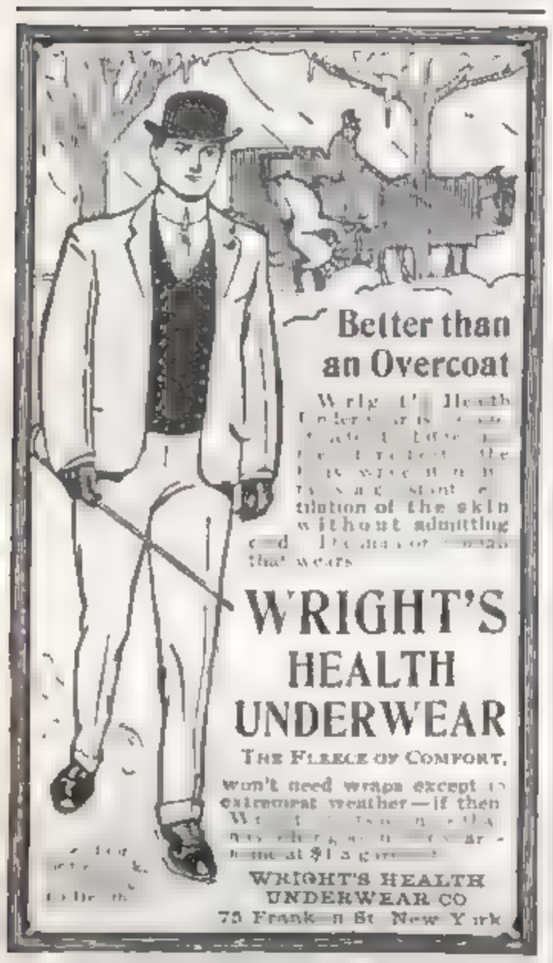

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The Reading Table

A Black Spot for the Leopard

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., the author of The Leopard's Spots, which has sold more largely in the South than any recent American novel, is a native of North Carolina, but he has chosen Tidewater Virginia, for his home. His present residence is his third choice. Ten years ago he had a cottage on Cobb's Island—but storms have washed the island away and all that was upon it. Then he owned the finest house in Cape Charles, the little city near the end of the Eastern Virginia peninsula, but recently he sold that and moved twenty miles across the bay to one of the most beautiful estates in the South. The house is a mansion in size, and the farm sloping down to salt water is rich in fertility, in splendid trees and in historical interest

Mr. Dixon is a man of incessant and exhaustless activity. He is one of the best-paid lecturers in the country, and he has more calls than he can fill. His income from this work is very large, and his novel has paid him well. At present he is engaged on another book which will treat in fiction form an American problem, somewhat different from the race issue, which was the theme of The Leopard's Spots. When he returns from a lecture tour he puts on his old clothes and goes gunning or fishing. When he decided to write a new book he wanted a new workshop, and so in addition to the big house on his place he has just completed the erection of a log cabin for a study. It cost him thousands of dollars and is in itself an elaborate structure

Mr. Dixon has a son who inherits his father's cleverness. His repartee is quoted by all the family acquaintances. The other day he asked his father for a goat. The father replied

"My son, that is one combination that I positively refuse to have on this farm—you and a goat."

Mr Dixon went away to lecture and when he returned the son was ready for him

"Papa," he said, "why have you given up preaching and given all your time to lecturing?"

"I'm after the almighty dollar," was the reply

"Yes, papa, more after the dollar than the Almighty," he said

Uncle Ephraim's Philosophy

De watermillion dat is greenest in de rind may hab de reddest heart

A catfish on de line is worf a whale in de water

De biggest shoutah ain't allers de man what sees de contribushun plattah

When de 'possum thinks he's slyest he's closest to de fryin'-pan

Corn dat is biggest in de tassel is littlest in de grain

Cole pertaters from yo' own patch is bettah dan chicken from yo' neighbor's coop

Ef yo' don't pull up de weeds yo' won't dig up a crop

De longah de face de longah de mis'ry

Sleep's mighty good, but de rabbit ain't a-gwine to wake de gunnah

De highah de white collah de blackah de colahed pusson looks

De man what's allers gibin' away ginerally has to go a-borrowin' to de man what keeps what he gits

I mptyin' de pantry fer dinnah ain't a gwine t set de table fer suppah

Hall Caine's Autograph

"It is utterly impossible," declares Hall Caine, "for me to accede to all the requests I receive for my autograph. At the beginning of my literary career I used to make it a point to respond to all who inclosed stamps. That soon became impossible, and for a long time afterward those stamps weighed on my conscience. Of course I could not think of using them and religiously threw them in the scrap basket, till one day I discovered that Mrs. Caine was as religiously sorting them out from among the waste paper and using them."

Mrs. Caine laughs merrily at the joke upon her household economy, and sustains her reputation for frugality by telling how she has spun the material for several suits of clothes for her husband. The spinning-wheel that stands in her room is not for ornament alone, but a useful article. And a very pretty picture she makes, her graceful, petite figure bent over the swiftly turning wheel.

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Between the Lines

UNCLE REMUS with a red skin seems an anomaly, but a possible Indian Uncle Remus may be concealed in the cabinets filled with manuscripts and reports collected under the care of the late Major Powell, director of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. The recent death of this grizzled, picturesque explorer and scholar suggests the literary possibilities of the material which the Bureau brought together. Some of it has been printed in the elaborate annual reports and monographs, but those who are familiar with the work of the Bureau can understand the literary possibilities which it represents. Years ago the late Frank Hamilton Cushing went to live among the Zuñi Indians in Western New Mexico, where he ruined his digestion by Indian food, and was finally adopted not only into the tribe but also into their secret societies. By means of an experience quite as arduous as that of Professor Walter Wyckoff, who has just been discovered in the character of a half-starved tramp in Colorado, Mr. Cushing gained an intimate knowledge of Zuñi legends and folk-lore. Since that time many representatives of the Bureau have undertaken similar quests. It is an unfamiliar phase of scientific reporting.

A Thrilling Chapter of Exploration

The death of Major Powell and the appearance of Mr. Frederic S. Dellenbaugh's book on The Romance of the Colorado River were almost simultaneous. In that book Major Powell plays an important part. In 1869 this veteran of the Civil War, who left one arm on the battlefield of Shiloh, led the first expedition which dared the rocks and rapids of the Colorado River. The dangers, wrecks and losses of that strange journey into a mysterious underground world form a thrilling chapter of Western exploration. Since then others have attempted the journey, but Major Powell was the pioneer. Mr. Dellenbaugh is another example of the artist turned author. Fresh from study in Paris he turned to our West like Lungren, Birge Harrison and later Remington and Schreyvogel, who have sought human interest in the West where the pioneer painters, like Bierstadt, Moran and Hill, found panoramas. Mr. Dellenbaugh painted among the Navajos, journeyed up and down the Southwest and had experiences of his own in the depths of the Grand Cañon. Later he [illegible] described Coronado's [illegible] and two or three [illegible] published [illegible] North American Westerns.

Our Literary Expatriates

While one of the self-expatriated American authors has returned to us from London, and Mr. Julian Ralph has followed his return with a novel of American nouveau-riche-dom, another of the number, John Oliver Hobbes, finds the fogs of London peculiarly conducive to creation, judging by her recent record. A volume of [illegible] stories, a study of Froude in a series on English writers, a novel, make an energetic showing, to say nothing of a couple of new editions, although the latter are due to the zeal of the publishers. Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, to drop the nom de plume for her actual name, is becoming as confirmed an expatriate as Whistler; in fact, few of her readers realize that the brilliant novelist and essayist who appears so constantly in the London magazines as well as the London book lists, was really born in Boston, the home of her father, John Morgan Richards. Her migration across seas occurred much earlier in her life than has been the case of most of the Anglo-Americans. She studied music in London and in Paris, and the classics at University College in London, and in 1891 her first novel, Some Emotions and a Moral, made it clear that a new writer was to be seriously reckoned with.

When Mrs. Craigie was in this country a few years since those who met her saw a slender figure, with a personality retiring yet abundantly self-possessed, and her conversation showed much of the brilliancy which has characterized her epigrammatic style.

Since Mrs. Craigie's visit to America she has added dramatic successes to those already gained as novelist and essayist. One of her plays, Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting, has been produced by Ellen Terry. In the literary Americanization of London, if one may make the claim for our expatriates, John Oliver Hobbes has taken an influential part. Her new books issued this autumn may not be classed among the "best sellers," but they

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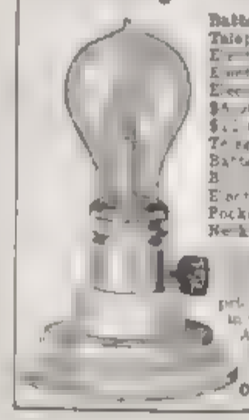

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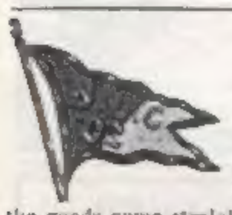

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The Reformer in Fairyland

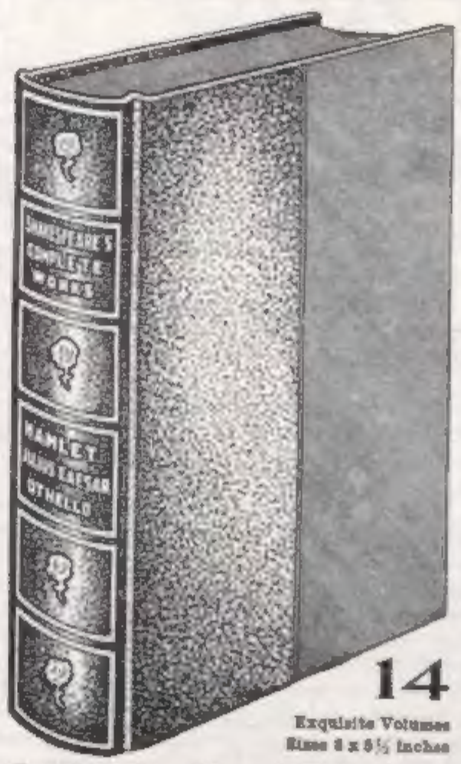
There is one of the autumn books which is more likely to delight conscientious parents than the audience at which it is ostensibly directed. The book in question, Happy Far-away Land, is a collection of familiar verses for children. Editorial exigencies have constrained the author to include the immortal couplet anent Old King Cole. Now "the fiddlers three" were sale. The pipe could be accepted with an effort. It was impossible to omit the king's call for his bowl without breaking the back of the couplet, but mark the zealous editor! She hastens to add to this apparently bibulous verse an explanation tending to convince the youthful mind that things are not what they seem. King Cole, it is stated, was fond of porridge, and the bowl in question contained porridge, and porridge only.

Furthermore, the new literature for children is to be free from battle, murder and sudden death. Robbery and violence are to be eschewed. The parents have been sated with sword and dagger play during the historical revival, but for the children there is a different law. They must bid farewell to the pirates beloved of youth, and highwaymen, the fighting-men who are inevitable in Henty's books, and the legion of tiger hunters and adventurers must presumably be banished. This is the logical application of the theory embodied in the Happy Far-away book. This, to be sure, is for younger children than the readers of Henty, but the editor bars Red Riding-Hood, The Forty Thieves, Aladdin and various other classics, which are held to be too violent for the juvenile reader. With the multiplication of readers and supplementary books of the most "improving" kind, and the blacklisting of tales with genuine thrills there is a certain dullness in the outlook. Possibly there may be a strike of youthful readers. They may be "advanced," but they retain certain human cravings which are likely to preserve the old stories. This, too, in spite of the triumphant advance of child psychology and the wisdom which its exponents display in their deliverances anent "simple and complex stimuli," "response," "attitudes" and "functioning."

Government Aid for Letters

The great Middle West has become very conscious of itself within the last decade. Its material and political power and increasing financial independence are as a tale that is told, and in literature the empire of the Mississippi Valley proposes an equal independence. One feature is the increasing number of novels picturing the early Middle West life of the thirties and forties. Mr. Armstrong, a journalist of Lafayette, Indiana, has told of canal building in The Outlaws. In the excellent novel, The Two Vanreveis, which Mr. Booth Tarkington has just put forth, the "first society" of the forties is pictured for the reader. Several other stories of the same general period have shown that the Middle West is conscious that it now has a history, and it is gaining perspective. Doctor Eggleston's Hoosier Schoolmaster stood almost alone in this field for years. Now, the Puritan and the Virginian cavalier and the themes of the Revolution are quite unnecessary for the novelist of Indiana and Iowa. He has his own history, and can create his own atmosphere. On the maps showing the geographical distribution of our authors which have come into vogue of late the Middle West accounts for itself most brilliantly. But literary strenuousness sometimes proves overreaching. The discussion regarding Indianapolis as a literary centre has been followed by much argument over Mr. Tarkington's plan that the State should offer prizes for the encouragement of letters. If there are State fairs, with prizes for horses and pumpkins, why not prizes for literature? is doubtless the novelist's reasoning. He has been advocating the passage of a bill by the Legislature providing a few hundred dollars to be awarded to the winner of an annual literary competition. Thus the State would assume a paternal relation to letters as well as education. Since the local authors are free and independent thinkers, as befits their calling, the novel idea has developed differences of opinion. It has been received with enthusiasm and with jeers, and also with the criticism that the amount of the prize was inadequate. All of which is of interest, not from any probability of realization, but as another symptom of the quickening literary self-consciousness of the Middle West.

Greatest Shakespeare



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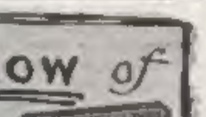

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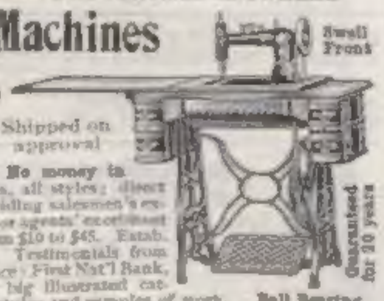

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A Lodge in the Wilderness

By Arthur E. McFarlane

(*Concluded from Page 1*)

unwashed. It was very plain, now, that those dishes were being left for him as a punishment—and be it known to all women that the unbearable humiliation of "punishment" has power to bring volcanoes of rage from even the mildest of men. But once more he took the abhorrent basketful of English-ware down to the lake, scrubbed them with sand—(Donnelly's single chunk of soap having long since been worn away)—and then went to work to cut wood for the fire.

It was now very wet, hardly less so than he was himself, and it took him something more than half an hour to get a blaze. When he *did* get it fairly started Miss Ethel came to the door and with much dignity offered him the use of the "Lodge" stove. With even more dignity he declined. He also declined to eat any of the fish. And indeed, once dressed and fried, that solitary "catter" made a scant boarding-house portion even for one.

But when he went out to try the waters again he was in that most dangerous of all mental states which is produced by the reaction of conscious virtue upon the gnawings of hunger. Also he again forgot his raglan. And, on top of that again, he caught no more fish!

At the expression of the ladies when he returned once more empty-handed he had a desire, furiously ungallant, to ask "*when the lot-drawing would commence!*"

"If you will prepare my rod for me again," said Miss Ethel, "*I* will try once more."

For the next hour she again fished from the Electra, and Mr. Hastings went off into the bush, seeking a tree against which he might beat his head. . . .

Yet, if others were unkind, Providence was not slow to prove to him where lay *its* sympathies. His bitter wanderings on the heath led him into another clump of huckleberries! Although there was only a mouthful or two, there was enough to send him back persuaded to forgive yet once again!

Miss Ethel had just returned, fishless, from the Electra. She caught sight of his hands. The blue stains on them were unmistakable!

"Oh, you needn't try to *say* anything!" she cried; "it's just things like that that show one's true character!" And, bursting into a flood of passionate tears, she rushed in to Aunt Maria.

Aunt Maria only needed this final baseness. She had kept silent for long. Now she came out determined to relieve her mind. Two minutes later there went up, not half a mile from the Point, the "too-oot-a-too-toot" of that stolid "club" tug, Samuel Johns!

Mrs. Plimpton and Miss Sparling spent that one night on the "Reserve." The next day at noon saw them going southward on the Tourist Express. And to the amazement of his sisters Mr. George Hastings made no apparent effort to detain them!

Some months later, when Miss Linda had pleased her brother more than commonly and he was showing it, she suddenly asked him: "Geordie, kid, what *was* it you and Miss Sparling fought about that time you were stuck on Duck Island?"

"Linda," he said, "as far as I can make out, we had no cause of strife whatever—except that I was no gentleman."

She ignored the tag-end of his remark.

"Then, sooner or later, you'll make it up?" she asked.

"*Nit!—Nix!* Linnie, dear," he replied with a most slangy and unchivalrous vigor of denial: "*Jamais de ma vie!*—Not on your life! I'd be afraid I might get hungry with her again some time!" Whereafter he refused to make any further explanations, and the matter remained even a more hopeless enigma than it had been before.

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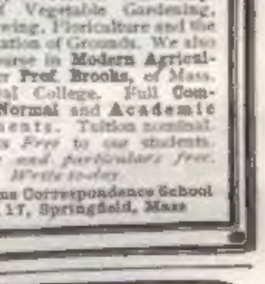

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In the countries most vitally interested, like France and Italy, where the yield of vineyards is often destroyed by violent hail-storms, the government officials propose to conduct experiments in a wholesale way. Long lines of cannon are to be stationed along the entire borders of vineyard areas. Telephone communication is to be maintained between meteorological stations and the men behind the guns. At the moment decided upon as the result of scientific observation the cannon are to be discharged.

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THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well," he said, at length, " . . yes. I guess I can arrange it. I can get you a good man in Liverpool—Traynard is his name—and there's two or three in Paris we could pick up. Odessa—I don't know. I couldn't say just this minute. But I'll fix it."

These correspondents began to report at the end of July. All over Europe the demand for wheat was active. Grain handlers were not only buying freely, but were contracting for future delivery. In August came the first demands for American wheat, scattered and sporadic at first, then later, a little, a very little more insistent.

Thus the summer wore to its end. The fall "situation" began slowly to define itself, with eastern Europe—densely populated, overcrowded—commencing to show uneasiness as to its supply of food for the winter, and with but a moderate crop in America to meet foreign demands. Russia, the United States and the Argentine would have to feed the world during the next twelve months.

Over the Chicago Wheat Pit the hand of the great indicator stood at 75 cents. Jadwin sold out his September wheat at this figure, and then in a single vast clutch bought three million bushels of the December option.

Never before had he ventured so deeply into the Pit. Never before had he committed himself so irrevocably to the send of the current. But something was preparing. Something indefinite and huge. He guessed it, felt it, knew it. On all sides of him he felt a quickening movement. Lethargy, inertia were breaking up. There was buoyancy to the current. In its ever-increasing swiftness there was exhilaration and exuberance.

And he was upon the crest of the wave. Now the forethought, the shrewdness, and the prompt action of those early spring days were beginning to tell. Confident, secure, unassailable, Jadwin plunged in. Every week the swirl of the Pit increased in speed, every week the demands of Europe for American wheat grew more frequent; and at the end of the month the price—which had fluctuated between .75 and .78—in a sudden flurry rushed to .79, to .79½, and closed, strong, at the even 80 cents.

On the day when the last figure was reached Jadwin bought a seat upon the Board of Trade.

He was now no longer an "outsider."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Horse-Chestnuts as Food

THE horse-chestnut has been generally considered poisonous, and therefore unavailable as food. Nevertheless, it would seem to be not unlikely that in the near future it will be utilized to a large extent as an article of food supply, recent investigation having shown that it is actually harmless and most nutritious, though it contains a bitter resinous principle and an oil unpleasant to the taste.

That the nut is not edible, either raw, roasted or boiled, is undeniable; but a process has been perfected by which the bitter resin and the unpleasant oil are extracted from it, rendering its "meat" both palatable and appetizing. The meat, or kernel, is a solid lump of starchy substance, full of nutriment, being the food supplied by Nature for the baby horse-chestnut tree. Like all other nuts, this species is exceedingly rich in those elements which go to make flesh and blood, and to furnish fuel for the body in man or animal.

The process in question consists in a moderate roasting, to render more easy the removal of the outer shell, after which the meat is pulverized and placed in a closed percolator containing ethyl alcohol. The mixture is kept at a fairly high temperature for a number of hours, during which the resin is dissolved, the watery part drawn off, the alcohol driven out by distillation, and the residue of horse-chestnut kernels is powdered.

"Horse-chestnut starch," as it might be called, when thus prepared, is agreeable to the palate, entirely harmless, and most nutritious. If the process were performed on a large scale it would not cost much per pound of product, and it is believed by the experts that the manufacture of this new kind of food might be made very profitable if the enterprise were properly managed. The tree is a vigorous grower, and its profuse annual crop ought to make the planting of it in orchards a good investment.

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Every mail brings to me numerous inquiries, asking wherein my system of Physical Culture differs from others, and also as to the general character of the work. Since practical experience is of more value than theory, arguments, or even genuine testimonials (all of which I can easily furnish in unlimited quantities), I have decided to make the following offer: To any individual of *either sex* who sends me correct answers to the following list of questions, accompanied with a stamped and addressed envelope, I will immediately prescribe and forward a special course, in two sections, covering *twenty days' work*, embodying my methods adapted to each individual case, and

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There are *no other conditions or expenses whatsoever* attached to this offer. At the completion of this course, you will be in a position to judge intelligently as to the value of scientific exercise, and my method of teaching it, and you are at perfect liberty to then dispense with my services. Should you wish any further services, I shall be pleased to carry you on at a reasonable fee.

All who are alive to the value of judicious exercise as a means to perfect health, will undoubtedly appreciate this offer, and I cordially invite you to accept it. *Multitudes of business men, and intelligent women from all parts of the world have secured, and are retaining perfect health, through my system.* State sex, age, height, weight, condition of heart, lungs, nerves, and digestion. Using tape measure, give girth of waist, chest, thighs, calves, upper arms, forearms and neck.

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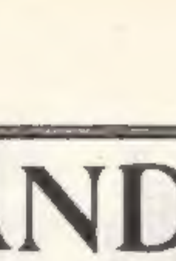

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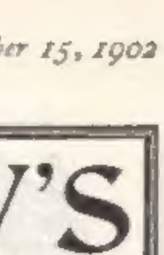

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